Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER NUMBER 4

1923

Price 15 Cents

How fast do game birds fly?

KIND OF BIRD	FEET PER SECOND AVERAGE FLIGHT
Plover	50-80
Jack Snipe	65
Ruffed Grouse	75
Quail	75
Mallard	75
Black Duck	75
Prairie Chicken	75
Dove	85
Blue Bill	110-140
Wild Goose	110-125
Red Head	120
Canvasback	145

IN TESTS of millions of loads, du Pont Powder averages 4% greater velocity (greater effective range); 6% better pattern (more even spread of shot), and 10% less breech pressure (greater margin of safety).

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Sporting Powders Division
Wilmington, Delaware

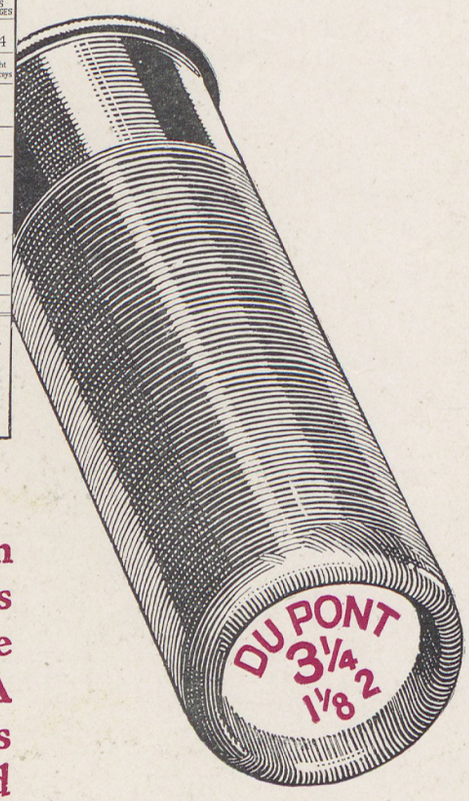
STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE DRAMS	12 GAUGE OZ SHOT	16 GAUGE DRAMS	16 GAUGE OZ SHOT	20 GAUGE DRAMS	20 GAUGE OZ SHOT	SHOT SIZES ALL GAUGES
Turkey Geese	3½	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	* 2 & 4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼	1-⅛	2¾	1	2½	⅞	4 in flight 6 over decoys
Medium Ducks Grouse Prairie Chicken	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbits	3	1 or 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pheasants Pigeons Doves	3¼	1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 or 1-⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
Reed & Rail Birds	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	10
Trapshooting	3	1 ¼	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS
If BALLISTITE (*dense*) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of *Bulk* and *Dense* Loads:

DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
3½ equivalent to	28	2½ equivalent to	20
3¼	26	2¼	18
3	24	2	16
2¾	22	1¾	14

* In 12-Gauge loads only, Use No. 2 Shot.



MEASURING the flight of birds is not an exact science but most authorities agree that a wild goose will average a rate of from 110 to 125 feet per second. A 12-gauge shell loaded with 3¼ drams du Pont Powder, 1⅛ ounces No. 2 chilled shot, gives an average velocity of 736 feet per second at 40 yards.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they, even as we, may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the outdoors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive salaries.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadronous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of a sufficient number of biological experiment stations so that scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the conditions of waters, wild lands, public shooting grounds and preserves in order to determine the proper species of fish and game to be planted therein.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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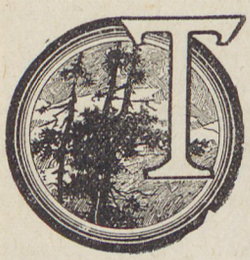
A Question of Patriotism—

Patriot—One who loves his country and jealously guards its welfare—Dictionary

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT



THERE is one thing upon which all the nations of earth are agreed. It is this: Patriotism, devotion to one's country, is the noblest purpose that can inspire an individual or animate a body of citizens.

There is one truth that has been demonstrated beyond all question. It is this: Love of country is greater than love of life itself—greater than love of children or parents—greater than love of husband or wife—greater than love of kindred or friends—greater than love of wealth or luxury or possessions.

There is nothing a man will not do or give for his country.

In every language the word, patriotism, is the word of highest honor. In every tongue the word, traitor, is hated and despised.

This is so because deep in the instinctive wisdom of the race is the knowledge that all the noblest passions of life are embraced in this love of country. Devotion to one's country is devotion to all the dearest relationships of one's existence. To defend one's country is to defend all that is most precious and sacred. To serve one's country is to serve all that one holds most dear.

There is the sound of cheering, the beat of drums, and the measured tread of a thousand feet. The boys in khaki are passing by.

Your heart beats quicker. You square your shoulders and thrust out your chin. Your eyes glisten. There is a lump in your throat. MY COUNTRY!

The Flag!

At sight of the colors something holy stirs in the deeps of you. Reverently you bare your head. Every nerve of you tingles with emotion. Every fiber of you thrills with a longing to do something—give something—be something—for YOUR COUNTRY.

The music of the old song crashes out: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

You spring to your feet and stand at attention. If there is in your veins a drop of blood thicker than water it burns with patriotic purpose. Heart and soul you answer to the call of YOUR COUNTRY.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"—not My Country, 'tis of thy commerce—not 'tis of thy mining interests, or thy manufacturing interests, or thy labor, thy banking, thy farming interests—'tis not of My Country's arts or science or religions that I sing.

"MY COUNTRY," means ALL—ALL OF MY COUNTRY. It means every interest, all industries, all faiths and virtues and faults. It means "Thy woods and templed hills, thy rocks and rills," thy prairies, deserts, rivers, lakes and seas. It means the wild life, the furred and feathered and finned creatures that are as much a part of this, their native land, as are the pines on the mountains, the reeds in the marshes, or the flowers of the meadows. It is ALL—ALL MY COUNTRY.

Harold Bell Wright, author of "That Printer of Udell's," "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "Helen of the Old House," etc.

Stronger pens than mine have shown in the pages of this magazine how the welfare of our country is in our "out-of-doors."

As a people we toil for our daily bread in a physically, mentally and spiritually devitalizing atmosphere.

As soldiers, fighting in a fog of poisonous gas, know that they must have the relief of pure air; we know that WE MUST HAVE THE RE-VITALIZING LIFE OF THE OPEN PLACES or, as a people, miserably perish.

From this nerve-wracking, health-destroying, brain-deadening struggle which we call our civilization WE GO habitually FOR HEALING TO OUR WOODS AND HILLS.

That THE WELFARE OF OUR COUNTRY IS IN THE CONSERVATION OF OUR FORESTS AND STREAMS, no sane person can question. DESTROY AMERICA'S OUT-OF-DOORS AND OUR NATION CAN NOT ENDURE.

These years just passed have proven gloriously that there is in our country no lack of patriotism. But every day, in every township of this nation, there is shown imperative need for a NEW UNDERSTANDING OF PATRIOTISM.

Everywhere we see evidenced the sad fact that men who would give their lives for their country in time of war will, in time of peace, rob their country of its noblest treasures. Our need is to grasp the larger truth—that to live for one's country is greater than to die for it. America's call today is not for patriots to stand against (Continued on page 179)

Harold Bell Wright

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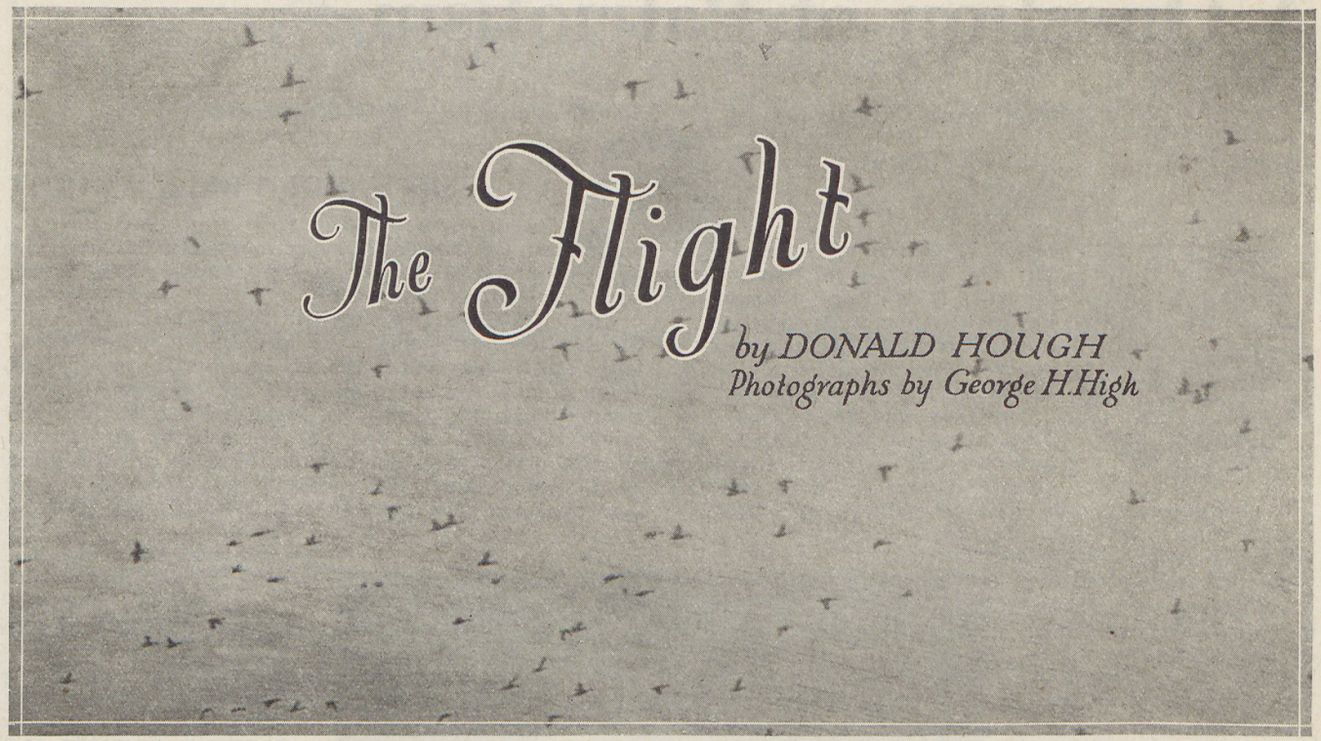

The Flight

by DONALD HOUGH
Photographs by George H. High

WIND, steadily rushing through the bare tops of the cottonwood trees; moaning, shrieking, whining, with the undertone of mystery which accompanies only cold winds that whistle through bare treetops. . . .

Two wild fowl hunters, sitting at a table in a shack, eating partly congealed fried eggs and drinking dark brown coffee. The shack trembles and quivers; the lone candle flickers; shadows jump on the walls. From time to time the hunters look up, complacently appraise the walls of the shack as a strong gust howls under the eaves and seems certain to lift the roof.

* * *

When the eggs were gone, leaving only wrinkled yellow stains on the white plates, one of the hunters got up, put on a stiff canvas coat, and went outside. The cold wind struck him in the face. He hunched his shoulders, lowered his head, and felt his way down a short hill to the edge of the lake. In front of him, when he stopped and raised his head, he could see nothing but a blue-gray emptiness, out of which the wind came with unbelievable force. The sound of the wind rushing through the bare branches of the trees was still the predominating sound, but the higher whistle of the wind-driven rushes and reeds lent a new note to the general melee.

The dim outlines of clouds—hurrying clouds, that changed constantly in shape and charged across the sky—were visible above.

The hunter turned and ran back up the short incline and clambered into the shack, where his companion was emptying a box of shotgun shells into the great pocket of another stiff canvas coat.

"It's a heller," he said. "And dark, too. Another hour."

"I hate to think of crossing that open place—"

The wildfowlers left the shack and went down to the edge of the lake. The outline of the clouds had become more pronounced, the trees were distinguishable one from the other, the reed beds in the lake were darkly silhouetted. The open water beyond was a field of steel gray, its motion barely discernible.

Moving slowly and with clumsy, ponderous motions because of their heavy clothing, the two got into an almond shaped boat of very shallow draft. The cockpit was partly filled with wet straw.

The men began to push the boat through the reeds and rushes, using long poles. They pushed steadily, with their heads bent into the wind. When it reached the outer edge of the rushes, the boat bobbed suddenly, then settled down to a steady pounding against the waves as the men labored to drive it into them. When

a slight lull in the wind came, the boat moved forward, pitching violently. Water came over the decks, splashed into the air and over both men.

The low rush of foaming whitecaps replaced the moaning of the trees.

The men dropped their poles and seized paddles. Steadily, methodically, monotonously, with heads on their chests, the hunters swung the light paddles—rapidly through the air, very slowly through the water. At times the boat was entirely arrested by the onslaught of the waves, and it stood still, save for the frantic bobbing and careening.

After half an hour, the men pushed the boat into the lea of a point, where the waves were broken. The point was formed by a heavy growth of rushes on a sand bar, that was a continuation of a peninsula of high ground covered with trees. The low point loomed dimly ahead, and the craft stopped pitching. A thousand coots rose from the calm water with a great pattering of feet, which made a sound like a large waterfall, and quite drowned out the noise caused by the wind. They were soon lost in the neutral gray of the breaking dawn, but in a minute some came back and flew past the boat, very close to it, like black shadows.

The point was an excellent barrier against the waves, but it only slightly affected the wind, and the still water was covered with millions of tiny ripples, charging this way and that, as the gusts attacked the boat first from one side, then from the other, then from dead ahead.

The almost exhausted hunters pushed the boat into the rushes, forcing slow progress with their long poles, until they were out of sight. Then they broke down the rushes immediately surrounding the boat, and so arranged things that they could stand up and have only their heads visible, and could disappear completely from view by crouching.

They stood up now, guns resting in crooked arms, and they looked around slowly, scrutinizing sky, water, shorelines. Their caps were pulled down on their heads, and their coat collars and sweater collars turned up. The yellow rushes rustled and sizzled and scraped all around them; from the end of the point, past which the waves were rushing, came the moaning hiss of breaking whitecaps.

The clouds, in bold relief now against the brightening sky, raced past overhead; the shores that had been dark hulks in the offing became waving and tossing trees, dry grass, and outcropping rocks. The mysterious distances on the water became matters of a quarter of a mile or of a few hundred feet. The black and menacing gunboats that ride low in the water and sturdily weathered the waves, became patches of harmless and slender reeds.

There was a steady procession of coots flying over the point. Those that came with the wind travelled in a very clumsy manner, as though they had lost all control of conditions, and were being carried at random. They appeared surprised at their—to them—remarkably swift flight. The ones that combated the wind, were content with small gains, and seemed to be well satisfied when, after having worked with might and main to barely hold their own in the blast, they could suddenly forge ahead a few yards.

Two ducks flew over. They were flying sideward, blown by the wind. Their wings were rigid, barely in motion. They came out of nothing and disappeared into nothing—travelling at seventy miles an hour—silently.

Suddenly the hunters dropped below the level of the rushes. A flock of ducks was coming, up wind, headed straight for the point. They were flying low. At times, when they bored straight into the teeth of the wind, it was hard to see them; again, when they broke, and zoomed upward, or let the wind throw them sideward, as a tired swimmer lets a breaking wave, they flashed in animated relief against the sky.

As they approached the point of rushes, it seemed certain that the great blast from across the open marshes

"It was no uncommon sight to see two or three of the ducks collapse in the air and splash into the water."

would turn them back. But with an accelerated flapping of wings, always, it seemed, in concert, they held their own. Then, setting their wings in stiff parabolas, they dipped suddenly, ducked under a strong gust, and crept forward a hundred yards. Slowly they came over the rushes, and it seemed to the hunters that they could almost hear them gasping for breath.

There came two or three reports from the shotguns, each report blown away and muffled by the wind as soon as it left the gun barrel. The ducks scattered. They dropped their tails, elevated their heads, presented the flat surfaces of their wings to the wind, and leaped backward and upward like so many bundles of feathers thrown by a catapult. A few of them regained their equilibrium, again faced the wind, and on a much higher air stratum continued their heart breaking struggle.

One of them set his wings and floated with the wind, downward, in a great arc, and fell into the water with a tiny splash a half mile away. Three of them abandoned their previous line of flight, and let the wind take them whence they had come, at eighty miles an hour. One of them left the flock, started to speed away with the wind, changed his mind, circled, and continued alone the painful flight toward the southwest.

Other flocks of ducks appeared in the air. Some were low, barely missing the reed beds in their flight; others were high in the heavens. One flock of about fifty ducks was entering the marsh from some distant point. It was flying straight against the wind, high in the air. It broke time and again; scattered into several flocks; reunited each time. In this erratic steadiness of flight it buffeted the wind, and moved slowly across the sky.

Another flock was not far behind it, but this flock had come a great distance, and long before it was over the marsh it settled into a compact formation, the ducks set their wings, and with a ripping and tearing of the air, a sound audible to the hunters hidden in the rushes, it dropped into the first available water like a handful of plummets.

Four teal, tiny cannon balls, flying with the wind, scooted over the point, thirty feet over the heads of the surprised hunters, making two miles a minute.

Two spoonbills flew over the point, with the wind behind them. At the sound of the two apparently futile reports, one of them dropped into the water like a wet rag. The other turned as soon as he could, circled, breasted the wind, flew back over the point, looking in all directions for his mate. At a single report from the rushes he leaped into the air, then continued on into the marsh, dropping steadily toward the spot from which he and his comrade had lately come. There was a report from another clump of rushes, and the duck zoomed suddenly upward, climbed a quarter of a mile at a single sweep, and with a twist and a turn threw himself higher still and into the rush of the wind, and was lost to sight in the clouds, a wind-blown speck in infinity.

The hunters stood in their concealed boat and awkwardly smoked cigarettes which they held in their mittened hands.

The wind grew stronger. It blew the foaming tops right off the waves; turned whitecaps into spray. Black squalls shot this way and that over the water. The wind was shifting to the west. It was getting colder.

In the lee of the point, two thousand coots were congregated. They swam nervously about, pecking at the surface of the water. Sometimes, for no apparent reason, the entire raft would move slowly in one direction or the other. But most of the time, they moved individually within the flock, feeding. Their necks jerked in time with their feet as they swam. They were very restless, and the tiny sound that each coot made added its mite to a low, penetrating, unceasing babble. They would probably go south that night, for no person had ever seen a flock of coots migrating by day.

The wind grew colder; shifted more to the west.

"They'd ought to be coming," said one of the chilled hunters.

"Yeah," said the other, "they'd ought to be. These local ducks are all ready to leave the country. Yeah . . . . the northern birds should be here. Bluebills."

There seemed to be fewer ducks in the air now. The interest of the hunters lagged. It was past noon. They pushed the boat out of the rushes, and moved along the outer edge of the bed, headed for the dry land of the peninsula, to make a fire and eat their lunch.

Suddenly one of them pointed out across the water. A flock of ducks was breasting the wind stolidly, flying in compact formation, closely hugging the surface of the water. It was moving with surprising speed against the wind. As the men watched, it rose quickly, every wing in its place, every duck swerving at exactly the same instant. Again it dropped close to the water. After a minute it stopped suddenly and as suddenly dropped into the waves and out of sight. The ducks were bluebills—the vanguard of the northern flight.

It was mid-afternoon, the wind was coming straight from the west with a force that seemed bent on scooping the lake from its bed, the clouds were lower, the air was colder, and the two hunters huddled in their puny boat.

It was three o'clock when the bluebills started to come. Two flocks appeared suddenly on the eastern sky. They moved as single units, in close formation, steadily across the ever changing pattern of the clouds. The marsh had no effect on them. They maintained their course, and disappeared in the steely void.

Others came, lower down. Three flocks, flying abreast, came. They labored with the steady doggedness of the wind itself—the unrelenting blast from the west, into which they thrust forward their long necks as they flew. Others came behind them, sometimes making erratic attacks, great swoops and curves, rapid upward thrusts and powerful downward sweeps, savage rushes straight ahead, as they momentarily lost patience with the great unseen force that was holding them back.

Many of the flocks flew over the point of rushes. When the tiny guns popped, it was no uncommon sight to see two or three of the ducks stop suddenly in the air, collapse, and splash into the water or among the reeds. When this happened, the other ducks of the flock did not waver. They gave not one inch of their hard fought progress to fright or sympathy. They kept on going, into the wind.

Flock followed flock—they came out of the gray sky in the east, and disappeared into the gray sky in the west. All the ducks in sight seemed to keep perfect time with their quivering wings. There came a flock

Tea?

By L. A. Klewer

WHEN the wind blows o'er the marshland
And the air is freezing cold,
And your feet get numb and number
As the day keeps getting old;
While your knees begin to shiver
And your bones begin to shake,
Don't you pine for something soothing
Just to stop that chilly ache?
Something strong and comfort bringing
That from cold will set you free;
Something that at least resembles
Good old amber-colored tea?

OH, it's tea, tea, tea,
That warms the hunter's bones;
Sure it's tea, tea, tea
That's quaffed in all the zones.
It's iced tea in the blazing sun,
It's hot tea where the bull moose run
And the drink that's best when supper's done
Is amber-colored tea?

of geese, having a terrible time with the wind, high over the marsh.

It began to grow dark. Ducks began to appear in the air without warning, and to disappear with as little fuss. Low flying flocks came over the tops of the trees, barely missing them, and dropped sharply down to the level of the reeds and rushes, and out of sight in the gathering darkness.

Blackbirds appeared in the air—a million blackbirds came from nowhere. They moved like a great cloud of smoke across the marsh. The long column was bended and flayed and doubled up by the wind. Others came, closer to the point, bobbing up and down, soaring and skipping and laboring individually, their confusing twitter audible above the hiss of the rushes, the moan of the whitecaps, the roar of the wind.

Behind them came a million more. Behind those, there came another million. They came from out of the dusky marsh, they disappeared over the treetops; their procession was unending.

Sometimes parts of the endless flock swept down close to the point, spread out, scooted over the water and the reeds and the heads of the two huddled hunters. The twitter from ten thousand tiny throats combined into a low murmur of defiance to the wind as the little birds, buffeted, halted, all but defeated, kept going and going and going on into the undying force from the west.

The steady procession of blackbirds made the hunters dizzy. They were cold; chilled through. The steady wind, blowing all day long on their backs, had worn their nerves, destroyed their patience. Their faces were drawn.

"The boat was pushed into a lee of the point where the rushes completely surrounded it."

One of them turned his head to face the wind, and with flashing eyes he roared through clenched teeth, "Damn the wind!"

"Why the hell should it blow today like this—the day we came hunting?" fretted his companion.

It was almost dark now. There had been no change in the westward flight of the blackbirds. They came from nowhere; they went noplace. They flew over the rushes, over the water, over the heads of the hunters.

The hunters pushed their boat out from among the rushes. They took their paddles, and sat there, looking out into the wind. The shores had become dark hulks in the offing again. They sat there. They were hunched up in their seats.

On the other side of the point, behind them, they could hear the waves breaking. Slowly they pushed out into the darkness, and drifted with the wind. The waves got larger and larger, and presently the boat was far enough out to get in the big swells that were coming around the end of the point. The hunters did not paddle, but let the waves lift them along. The boat settled in the troughs between the waves with a sickening lurch and shot up and forward again to ride the crests, balancing on a whitecap.

After a while, the boat was lifted into a bunch of rushes, and with the force of the waves broken, the hunters paddled and pushed through the vegetation to the dock in front of the shack. They were stiff from the cold and from their cramped positions, and they walked slowly up the incline, guns and ducks in their hands.

They tied the ducks together in a bunch by their necks, and hung them up on the outside of the cabin.

Again, by the flickering candles, the hunters prepared and ate their meal, while the wind rocked the shack, and moaned and whistled around the corners and through the trees.

The tired men lay down on the bunks, pulled heavy piles of blankets over themselves, and went to sleep.

One of the men did not rest easily. This was because he was dreaming. As soon as he began to sleep, he found himself in the midst of countless thousands of wild ducks which were flying past him in every manner of formation. Then came the blackbirds, millions of them, swooping down over his head. At this point he became dizzy, and the world got all topsy-turvy and threatened to precipitate him into the sky—then he awakened, with a quickened pulse.

On the occasion of one of these sudden awakenings—for the dream was repeated several times—he lay in his bunk and listened to the mad careening of the wind outside. He imagined the ducks out there on the marsh; how they were, without doubt, still flying bravely into

(Continued on page 180)

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"The wilderness of the West is not gone."

Perpetual Wildernesses

By STRUTHERS BURT

Author of "In the High Hills," "Chance Encounters," etc.

Photograph by George H. High

I WONDER how many people, sitting in the dining-room of the Canyon Hotel, that huge modern caravansary in Yellowstone Park, realize that the big plate glass windows they face, peer across the canyon, into a country of trackless wildness; a country in which there is hardly a single man-made trail? In the heart of Yellowstone Park, like the loop of a flung lariat, lies the splendid motor road of the circle, touching all the main points of interest—The Thumb, the Lake, the Canyon, Mammoth, the Upper Geyser Basin, and the Lower Geyser Basin, or Old Faithful. Extending into this loop from the north, the west, the east and the south, are four equally good roads connecting it with the outside world; the Gardiner road, the West Yellowstone road, the Cody road and the road from the south entrance, the Jackson's Hole country; and at intervals along the loop are immense hotels, camps for those who wish to pay slightly lower prices, and public camps for the private motorist, or, in the language of the country, the "sage-brusher." Attached to these last are large recreation halls for dancing, meetings, and so on, with fireplaces for rainy days, toilet facilities, laundries, in fact every convenience to enable the dusty "sage-brusher" to clean-up, rest awhile, and start upon his journey refreshed. Incidentally, this is where the seven dollars and fifty cents goes that is charged each private motor upon entrance to a National Park. And the charge is small considering what the tourist gets for it. Make no mistake, this money goes to no Transportation Company or Camping Company, it goes direct to the United States Government, which expends it upon your comfort.

So! Here is the motor-tourist, whether he go by the Transportation Company busses, or by his own Ford, or Cadillac, or Dodge, thoroughly well taken care of. On a summer afternoon along "the loop" you would think the whole world with his wife and children and father-in-law and mother-in-law was on wheels. But what of the country on either side; the country of great stretching forests and hidden lakes and shaggy mountains? You can step from the shining, sprinkled motor-roads, buzzing with traffic, and in five hundred yards be in primeval solitude. I don't think this point is sufficiently well realized by most of the tourists who visit Yellowstone Park, or any of the National Parks; I don't think the Park Service makes it sufficiently clear, or its policy in this respect. I think that most of the people who go through Yellowstone Park in the ordinary way imagine it to be just about as wild as the Lake Shore Drive on a Sunday afternoon.

Most of this August I spent in Yellowstone Park with a pack-outfit. The country in which I live, Jackson's Hole, is just south of the park. The first weeks of August I was in the southwestern part of the Park, near the Idaho line, in what is known as the Bechler Falls and Falls River country. This country was never adequately surveyed or really explored until four years ago. Yes, literally; think of it! Never adequately surveyed or really explored until four years ago! Forty-two new waterfalls, some of them the most lovely in the park, were discovered. The last weeks of August and the first week of September I was in entirely the opposite direction, in the southeastern corner of the park, around the headwaters of the Yellowstone River. I went with a pack-outfit—twenty-three pack and riding horses—down the Yellowstone River to where it empties into Yellowstone Lake, along the east shore of the lake,

through the Pelican Springs country, where in winter the wild buffalo herd grazes, across the Absoraka Range, and down Mist Creek to the headwaters of the Lamar. I was actually within the park limits twelve days and in all that time we did not see a single living soul, not even a park ranger, except when we crossed the Cody Road. It was just by chance that we saw anyone then, for on our return trip the sparkling road was as deserted as the forest from which we had just come and into which, in a moment, we plunged again. But on our first crossing we met the whole flight of park cars, fourteen great yellow busses, speeding past with the curious whistle that distinguishes them, from their connection with the train at Cody, miles away, to the Lake Hotel.

It was a curious and exciting scene; we did not know that we were at the Cody Road until a couple of minutes before we crossed it. We came up out of the timber and paused to let the cars go by. Our horses behaved in the manner of horses—as if the ten days in which they had not seen a car had wiped entirely from their memories all knowledge of cars. I imagine we were an exciting and picturesque group to the tourists in the motor-busses as they whirled by. I know that, despite the fact that I was busy herding and heading horses, I had a distinct impression that each car held at least half a dozen children and that each child was on his or her feet cheering, and I heard one small, shrill voice yell, "Why, they are real horses!"

But save for that meeting we saw no one. That night we camped only three miles away from the Cody Road, and only eight miles from the Lake Junction, with its mammoth hotel, equally large camps, stores, filling stations and hydroplane. The next morning, after breakfast, we heard the whistles and horns of the cars on their way out to Cody, yet we were in a little mountain valley where the grass was up to a horse's knees, where there were no signs of previous camps, and where, without exaggeration, elk looked at you from every bush. At dawn we saw three bulls not over four hundred yards away. There were elk everywhere.

That day we crossed the Absorakas and dropped down upon the Lamar. Even then we were only sixteen miles from the Lake Hotel and the crowded loop, and yet we were in as wild country as a man could wish for—and I've seen some wild country. A country alive with game, alive with fish, filled with the silence that cures the wounds of civilization. In other words, here was I with a big pack-outfit, thoroughly content, and here, not far away, were thousands of motorists equally content. It impressed still further upon me something I already knew. I saw what it was, in the world of outdoors, to give everyone a square deal, a fifty-fifty deal—the horseman, the hiker, the motor tourist and the game. And just that is the question of the future.

Now, it is absurd to say that the wilderness of the West is gone; only New York and Chicago newspapermen, and the motor tourist who thinks that the whole country is nothing but motor roads, entertain any such grossly untruthful ideas. I can mention off-hand a hundred huge areas in the far-western states as wild as they ever were. There are several hundred more I have never heard of; countries many miles long and broad. The cowboy isn't dead; the prospector is still with us; there are mountain lakes where trout can be caught on bare hooks; there are bear and deer that have never seen a man. Even in our eastern states there is left plenty of wilderness, but just at present we stand at the parting of the ways, and it is the motor which has accelerated matters.

The wilderness will not go, it will be maintained in the future, if it has to be maintained privately in immense estates by rich men as it is in England and the rest of Europe. The more intelligent a man grows the more he knows that solitude, sport, the untouched beauty of nature is necessary for sanity; is necessary as a bulwark against the inroads of the increasingly complex civilization in which we live; but the question is ARE YOU AND I—THE ORDINARY CITIZEN—GOING TO SHARE IN THIS OR NOT? The question is SHALL DEMOCRATIC SPORT AND DEMOCRATIC SOLITUDE remain? Will your sons and grandsons be able to do what you and your fathers have done?

The future lies in your hands and especially in the hands of those of you who own motors and take pleasure in them.

I'm a motorist myself; every year I take a long motor trip. On the whole I believe the motor to have been a great benefit to the people at large. Millions who otherwise would never have left their own narrow valley or town now see their country; learn something of the hardihood and self-reliance of the camper. Whatever distinctive virtues the American may have, come, I think, because he is a frontiersman; well, in a way, the motor has added myriads to the ranks of the frontiersman. The motor-tourist is getting to be a better camper each year, too; I've watched him. He's learning his business. But beyond all this is the vast realm of real camping—the realm of the canoe-man, the horse-man, the hiker, the hunter and the fisherman; and the motor-tourist unless he's a fool, will insist that these more experienced outdoorsmen have at least one-half of the great heritage we own. Someday when he grows up he may himself want more than he can get from the front or back seat of a car. As a matter of fact I have been connected with the tourist business myself for seventeen years and I know that each year the ranks of the real camper are being recruited from the ranks of the motorist. After awhile motor touring isn't good enough; you begin to hanker for those blue uncrowded hills you can't reach in a car; for the thrill of being entirely dependent upon yourself. But if right now you fail to use your head; if you are selfish or shortsighted; when you begin to want to go out into those hills, certainly when your son begins to want to go out in them, you'll find all of them filled with motor roads, or else in the possession of millionaires who've had more sense than you've had. You'll be turned back by signs with "No Trespass" upon them. You'll think you are in the Adirondacks instead of the Rocky Mountains.

It is right that motor-roads should go through some of the most beautiful parts of the country, for there are thousands of people who could never see these beautiful parts in any other way, and it is better that they should be seen from a motor than not at all, but rest assured that wherever a motor road goes these things disappear: solitude and peace; all real knowledge of the country; all real chance of obtaining its real atmosphere; game and fish. You can stock a stream near a motor road every day in the year, but never again will you have fishing. Back from the motor roads in Yellowstone Park the country is thick with game, but the people in the cars no longer see it.

Take your choice, you gentlemen who own motors and are constantly urging a new motor road here or a new motor road there; who are constantly urging the opening up of some new wilderness. Someday you'll be eternally and uselessly sorry; and if you haven't the sense to be sorry, at all events your sons and grandsons will curse you for the shortsighted old fool you were; just as nowadays every sensible man curses the lumbermen and beauty robbers of the old generation.

IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY TO BASE ANY ARGUMENTS ON SENTIMENT, NECESSARY AS SENTIMENT IS, BEAUTY AND SOLITUDE AND THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR SPORT ARE BUSINESS ASSETS—THEY BRING REAL MONEY INTO A COUNTRY, THEY GIVE REAL CHARACTER IN RETURN, and success is the result of character.

All the real camper asks is a fifty-fifty deal, half of the country. Give it to him; not only give it to him, but see that he gets it. The motor car interests are today the most powerful interests there are; what the motorist wants he usually gets; in the hands of the motorist lies the future. Maintain the roads you have—heaven knows most of them need maintaining—but leave solitude alone, and back up the men who are working to preserve a first share of it. Especially back up the National Park Service of the Department of The Interior. They alone of all government services realize

fully the truth of what I have been saying; they don't want to build any more roads if they can help it. Their announced policy is to maintain the roads they have and leave the rest of their domain to the real camper and the fish and the game. Support them. In every question assume that they are right for usually they are. Don't urge them to build new roads, don't believe the propaganda of their enemies; the irrigation crook, the sawmill robber, the game hog, the motor hog—countless powerful and unscrupulous interests. Even if you are a fool and won't preserve what you've got; even if you insist that all the country outside the National Parks eventually be turned into a dusty motor wilderness or else into the private preserves of rich men, if you will support the National Parks they will preserve for you and your children an untouched wilderness where you can be alone, and fish, and rejoice in solitude as I did two weeks ago.

Support them, when they want a thing, give it to them, leave them alone; they're the best friends for sanity and character building the country has. The only people I know with whom selfishness does not count; with whom everyone gets a square deal and will continue to get one. I make another exception, the Izaak Walton League of America. I believe this organization to be unselfed in the extreme; with the one great object of the preservation and perpetuation forever of our wildernesses as their ambition and goal.

My First Tuna

By CARL C. COWLES

SEA fishing is fraught with that same uncertainty that makes all angling so absorbing and fascinating a hobby. The vast schools of barracuda, albacore and tuna that sweep up past Catalina's shores on their annual migration, coming from the mysterious and unknown reaches of tropical seas and disappearing again as mysteriously in the North Pacific Japanese Current, had in 1923 failed to come. From the middle of June their annual visit had been eagerly awaited but as the Summer wore on into August the veteran boatmen of Avalon, when interrogated, only shook their heads and seemed no nearer a solution of the riddle of their belated coming than the rest of us.

Off and on for weeks there had come days when a tuna or so or half a dozen albacore would be brought in by some lucky boat and each time the news would spread and hopes would rise only to languish again as succeeding days proved the catches were but from stray and isolated bunches; until with each succeeding disappointment the tuna fishermen one by one gave it up and went back home. Then early August brought stories of huge schools of albacore and tuna seen forty miles out at sea off the San Diego coast, and thereafter the tuna flags flying at the masts of Avalon's returning fishing fleet became more frequent. Evening of the fifth saw eight pretty fair tuna brought in and thus it was that when Don came over on the sixth I was able to give him some encouragement. That noon a dozen boats came in with the flag of victory flying from their masts and the stirring news that tuna, big fellows, had suddenly appeared in great numbers all over the sea sending the flying fish into the air by the hundreds and savagely taking the bait offered them. That night at Avalon marked a record catch of forty-six big fish.

Seemingly luck was in our favor, for our first try at this big game of the sea, as the following morning we settled into the trolling chairs of Captain Lee O'Leary's boat, the "Barney," and chugged slowly out of the bay past the empty mooring where the night before Zane Grey's launch, the "Gladiator," lay quietly cradled, he having evidently preceded us in the same quest.

I wonder if in all the world there can be so soothing and enchanting a spot as Catalina. Catalina—whose rugged peaks seem to speak only of freedom and serenity, whose canyons are heavy with a mingling of desert fragrance and healing ocean haze, and whose golden strands are bathed with the clearest waters of all the mighty Pacific. I can never find words that seem to fit the grandeur of that place, where evenings come soft, peaceful and welcome like sleep to the tired youngster in his Mother's arms and where mornings are like awakening to a fond Mother's caress. I dwell there always as in a spell.

We ran out a mile or so to the Northeast and here O'Leary decided we would make our first try. I took the tiller while O'Leary proceeded to rig up for Don, who was to fish first. The morning fog, which earlier shrouded the sea, was rapidly blowing away. O'Leary got out the kite and I swung the boat quartering into the wind. The kite sailed slowly up behind as we ran on and O'Leary paid out the line. The wind seemed ideal for kite fishing—the old Pacific was most beautiful, with Catalina's rugged outline heaving majestically before us out of the bluest of azure seas. O'Leary fastened the flying fish to the line on the big Vom Hoff, swung the bait over the boat and ran off a long length of line. Don looked on intently as O'Leary now made the end of the kite line fast to the fishing line and again paid out more line from the reel. The kite soared higher and higher carrying the trolling line free of the water and tugging the flying fish to the surface, where the speed of the boat pulled him along in a line of spray. O'Leary threw on the drag—socked the handle of the rod into the socket in Don's trolling chair and proceeded to instruct him how to work the bait by raising and lowering the rod. Then the Captain relieved me at the wheel and I slid back into the other chair enthralled with the glory of the day.

What a privilege was ours to enjoy this sport of Kings on these famous waters, which have thrilled princes, presidents and sportsmen from all over the world! Don fell easily into the knack of working the bait and at each lift of the rod we could see the bait, far to the rear, seemingly gather new animation and shoot along the sea in a stream of foam, in lifelike resemblance of the flying fish running for a rise. Back and forth we ran across the sea. After what seemed a long time Don, who had been faithfully working the bait, feigned tiredness and insisted that I take the rod. We traded chairs. The excitement of anticipation that had gripped us when we first put out the bait now began to wane and gave place to a dreamy languor as we lolled in the California sun and the rise and fall of the rod in my hands became mechanical.

Suddenly a stream of froth shot up behind the bait. A shiver of excitement ran over me, and simultaneously came the sharp staccato cry of warning from the boatman. "He's after it—skip the bait, keep it a-coming, keep it a-coming." I swung the rod upward, and far away the bait responding rose from the water, as a huge black wallowing form lunged and missed. Then quick as a flash there was another stream of foam, again I swung the rod and the bait sped forward and rose in the air,—another wallowing smash,—and we held our breath as he missed again. Again I raised the rod—the surface was fairly torn in twain as the maddened fish with lightning speed again lunged for the fleeing bait and went down in a smother of foam. A heavy thud shook the tackle. The rod arched under a terrific strain—and then the friction clutch on the big Vom Hoff gave way and the line fairly sang from the reel under the heavy tension. The kite line snapped like a thread and the kite slowly fluttered towards the sea. I braced my feet against the boat rail and three times against the tension of the reel I struck to set the hook. O'Leary slowed down the boat and circling back picked up the kite as I hung grimly on to the vanishing line.

Never before had I felt so powerful and resistless a force on tackle as that which continued to tear off the line in a long, steady, unyielding run.

As the boat straightened out, I glanced around. O'Leary looked at Don, heaved a sigh, peeled his sweater,

and began to clean up the deck for what he evidently felt was going to be a real fight. Then commenced an ordeal which I shall not soon forget. I set about to bring the fish to gaff.

For half an hour we waged a battle of give and take—the fish fighting steadily and persistently in long, strong heart-breaking runs and I as persistently trying between each run and at every sign of a let-up to gain every inch of line the fish would yield. At the end of that time two things dawned on me, one being that the fish was very far from beaten and meant to put up a long, hard, grueling fight before he would suffer himself to be led anyway near the strange foe opposing him, and the other was that if I was to finally beat him I would have to use my head and spend no useless energy. So I determined to save myself as much as possible. The give and take of the line had dripped much water from the reel, the floor of the boat was becoming uncomfortably slippery, and as the fish carried the fight first to one side and then to the other it became difficult to play him and remain in the chair. At the end of ten more minutes of steady downward plunging, the fish suddenly changed tactics. The weight slackened, the line began to assume more of an oblique angle to the water, and I pumped and reeled and pumped and reeled with all my might—the fish was surfacing, and soon far out at the end of the line we could make out through the water a great blue-green phosphorescent blotch. He circled to the right under the steady strain I was keeping on him and soon was abreast of the boat. The place where the kite had been tied onto the line came in sight and to our discomforture we found that the kite line had broken off close to the kite and had become ensnarled in a mess around the fish line. Several more heaves and I had this snarl within O'Leary's reach, and he made an effort to cut it away, which met with but partial success as the fish again sounded and went down. I hung onto the arching rod doggedly as the spool steadily gave out the line under the pressure of the drag. When the fish slowed up from this run, more line was out than at any time previous. With his slackening of the pull I set to work to pump him back. What seemed a very long time passed with but little to reward me for my steady work.

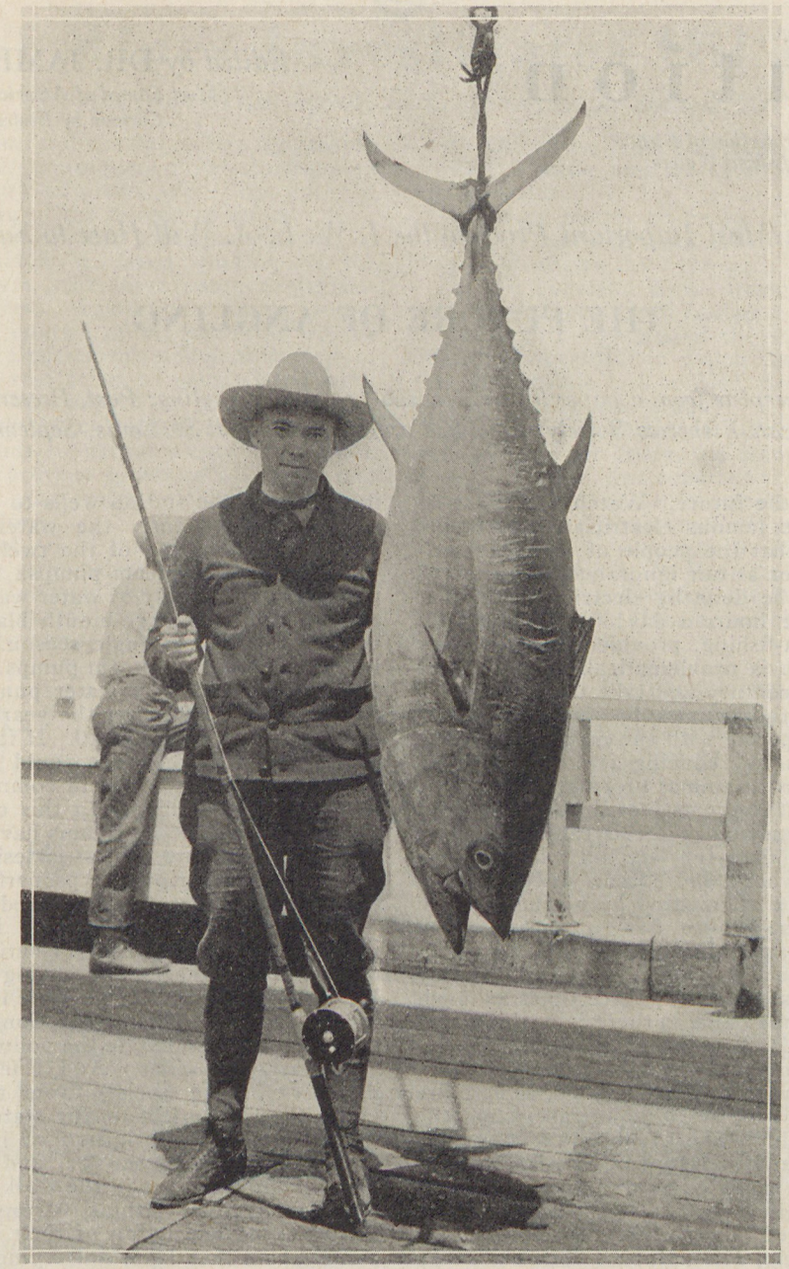
Perspiration stood out all over me, my arms and back were beginning to ache under the strain, and my fingers were tortured by the steady cramp on the rod. I turned to O'Leary. "What have you got me hooked onto anyway?" I panted. "You begged to be hooked onto a tuna, didn't you?" he smiled back. "Well, you've got one. Lace it to him,—go after him,—don't let him rest." So I turned again to the task. "You've been playing him now for just an hour."

The sun was hot. My lips were becoming dry and the salt spray that flew from the reel when the fish made a hard run was giving me a terrible thirst. O'Leary seemed to sense this and asked if I wanted a drink. "Yes," I called, "and take this hat off my head, if you will." O'Leary poured a glass of water and started to put it to my lips. The weight on the rod again slackened and I motioned O'Leary back as I began to recover line. With each pump of the rod the fish yielded steadily, and the diameter of the spool on the reel rapidly grew. "I've got him beat," I called. "He's giving up."

Now we could see the kite line snarl rapidly coming up. A few more heaves and I had it in the boatman's grasp. I gave a sigh of relief as he cut away the remaining vestige of that hazard. Still the fish suffered himself to be dragged towards the boat. "Get the gaff," I shouted. "He's licked,"—and then, as if in mockery of my words, the great fish turned, the next heave of the rod met solid resistance, and then the clutch on the reel again began to slip and the line went out in a slow, jerking run. I dreaded to commence pumping him again as the pain in my arms was becoming intense and the cramp of my fingers around the rod was giving way to a numbness and weakness. "I don't think I want to catch any more tuna," I panted as I bent over the rod again. "You haven't got this one yet," O'Leary retorted. In the following fifteen minutes there were three distinct lulls in the fight of the fish, and three times I again had him in sight, only to have him bore down again, robbing me of the line I had gained on him. "Let him go," O'Leary would call encouragingly when he sounded, "a few more of those runs will hurt him."

It was now ten forty-five and I was becoming dog tired. It seemed as though I had been fighting the fish for ages. The boatman once more brought me the glass of water he had poured and held it to my lips. The fish

(Continued on page 183)



The author and his 121 lb. tuna.

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Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject
Cartoon by Evetret E. Lowery.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

THE FUTURE OF ANGLING

The following excerpt is from a paper by Dr. Henshall entitled "Angling: Past, Present, Future," read before the American Fisheries Society at its 53d annual meeting at St. Louis, September 17-19, 1923.

AND now, as to the future. Watchman, what of the night? The famous electrician, Dr. Steinmetz, tells us that the people of the next century will wonder at our ignorance; that everything at that time will be done by electricity, and that they will work but four hours a day! Well, they will have more time to go a-fishing, provided there are any fish to be caught, which is problematical. I would not care to live in the next century and take the chances.

"But seriously, something must be done and done quickly. We must co-operate with the manufacturers to do away with pollution by reducing it to a condition where it will be harmless to animal life, and at the same time be a source of profit to themselves, a possibility that has already been consummated. If this cannot be done through moral suasion, then the law must be invoked. As I have stated elsewhere, more than once, our diminished streams may be augmented by boring artesian wells along their banks, whose flow of water, when aerated, would furnish an additional supply of oxygen. This is not at all chimerical. When a school boy my geography taught me that there was three times as much water as land on the globe; and as there is nothing that has ever existed on this planet that is absolutely destroyed but still exists in one form or another, it follows that this proportion of water still holds good. There are the seas, lakes and rivers on the surface, and the "waters under the earth." These subterranean waters can be reached and utilized by means of artesian wells of various depths. Many small cities and towns procure their water supply in this way.

When I was transferred as superintendent from Bozeman, Montana, to Tupelo, Mississippi, I found a dozen artesian wells on the grounds of the station about 400 feet deep. When first bored they were flowing wells, but when the city of Tupelo bored a well about 1,000 feet in depth, for an additional water supply, it caused the water in the station wells to drop 12 feet below the surface, consequently the water had to be pumped. There were but two of the twelve wells in use, which were operated by steam pumps. There were three large ponds and the supply of water was inadequate, inasmuch as the output of large-mouth black bass had never exceeded 20,000 in a single season. I did away with the leaky boiler and the steam pumps and substituted electric motors and four deep-water pumps, utilizing two additional wells. Thereafter the yearly output of black bass was never less than 300,000. If funds had been available half a dozen more ponds could have been constructed, the rest of the wells put in commission, and the output increased to a million. In this connection it is as well to say that when our streams have diminished in volume and purity, and are fishless, artesian wells may be bored on farms or other private property to supply ponds that could be constructed and stocked with fish.

I have abiding faith in the integrity and practical working of the American Fisheries Society. Being one of its oldest members, and having served as its president, I trust that the Society may see its way clear to adopt a resolution memorializing the Congress to institute measures to abate or mitigate the pollution of navigable rivers and coastal estuaries. And I feel sure that individual members of the Society from the various states will give aid and comfort to any state movement looking to the alleviation of pollution of inland waters from industrial waste and sewage, and will assist with their counsel and influence in the work of any combined effort by protective associations or conservation organizations, or in needed legislation of their states. And I want to assure them that I am not crying Wolf! Wolf! to urge others to their duty, but that I am now, in my 88th year, doing my bit for conservation with the Izaak Walton League of America, and in conducting the Department of Pollution in its monthly magazine.

An Invention to Deal With a Sea Difficulty

Reprint from the Fishing Gazette, London, Sept. 15, 1923

By R. B. MARSTON
Famous Editor of Great Britains Oldest Angling Journal

KNOWING what a horrible nuisance waste oil from shipping is in many places round our coasts, I was delighted to read the following note in the million-winged Daily Mail (London, September 10, 1923):—

"Notwithstanding the operation of the Oil in Navigable Waters Act of 1922, which came into force in January last, under which the discharge or escape of oil from vessels within British territorial waters is punishable with a fine of £100, complaints have been rife throughout the summer of bathers, and especially those at some of the southern resorts, being covered with thick, black grease, which ruins their costumes and is only removed by the application of petrol followed by hot baths.

"Thousands of sea birds, razor-bills, guillemots, and scoters, have been found with their feathers so clogged with the filth that they have been unable to rise from the water and have drifted to shore, there to perish miserably of starvation.

"Proposals have been put forward from time to time for dealing with the oil waste from ships, and a new kind of filter barge, specially built for the purpose of service on the River Thames, was tried last January.

"Now, however, a process has been invented for use on board ship. The bilge and oil-tank ballast is passed through the apparatus, which returns the oil to the oil tanks and the purified water is pumped into the sea devoid of any trace of oil.

"A practical demonstration of the new apparatus is to take place within the next few days, at which prominent shipowners and engineers will be present."

It is bad enough to see a pretty sea-gull covered with "thick black grease," but that our charming golden-haired mermaids should be subjected to such a fate is simply horrible—it is worse than killing trout with tar.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Bureau of Mines Investigates Oil Pollution

Reprint from Washington, D. C., Star, Sept. 26th, 1923

POLLUTION of river and coastal waters by leaking and refuse oils, with consequent injury to shipping and riparian property, can be practically, if not entirely, prevented, in the opinion of the bureau of mines.

This decision was based on the preliminary report of a special committee which has been working on the problem for more than a year in response to legislation enacted by Congress. Invitations for an international conference on control of oil pollution will be sent out by the State Department under authority of the same congressional resolution, as soon as the committee has rendered its final report.

Remedies suggested by the committee include control of waste from stream-side industrial plants, installation of devices on ships to prevent egress of oil waste and provision of barges or other receptacle in harbors for receipt of necessary refuse.

Study of the origin of oil in the coastal waters, the report said, showed the principal sources to be:

(a) Oil swept in from outside the three-mile limit.

(b) Oil-contaminated waters and oily material from oil-burning and oil-cargo ships.

(c) Oil refuse from ship repair yards.

(d) Oil waste and oil-water mixtures from refineries and oil fields.

(e) Tarry matter or heavy oil from gas plants.

(f) Oily material from other industrial plants.

(g) Oil wastes from sewers.

(h) Oil pollution from streams adjacent to and connecting with coast and harbor waters.

The report emphasized the increased fire hazard resulting to localities in which the condition existed, and the unestimable loss to bird and marine life, especially to oysters, fish and crabs.

Pollution was found at each of the thirty-five localities selected for study, the committee declared, but the worst condition was reported from the Schuylkill river, near Philadelphia; at Pensacola, Fla.; in the Houston ship channel at Houston, Tex., and at Port Arthur, Tex.

The report was signed by F. W. Lane of the bureau of mines, Chairman A. D. Bauer, oil expert of the bureau; H. F. Fisher, representing the American Petroleum Institute, and P. N. Harding of the American Steamship Owners' Association.

Interesting Pollution News from Springfield, Ill.

The City Council has engaged the services of a Chicago engineering firm to make the prelimiary survey for a sanitary district here. This survey, we hope, will do much to clean up the Sangamon river and the rivers into which the Sangamon empties, namely, the Illinois, and thence to the Mississippi. We also expect to have a lake constructed on the river that will be approximately one mile wide and thirteen miles long. This work has been made possible by the activities of the Izaak Walton League and its magazine.

L. G. PEFFERLE

Sec. Izaak Walton Chapter,
Springfield, Ill.

"And David Picked up a Pebble from the Brook."

Information Wanted

IN order to keep our readers informed as to what is being done to check or mitigate the evil of stream pollution, or what progress is being made in that direction in the various states to accomplish that result, we would be very pleased to hear from any or all persons who are interested in the matter, in any section of the Union.

We earnestly desire to know what is being done by individuals, Conservation Societies or Game and Fish Protective Associations, and what progress is being made, whether favorable or otherwise, especially in inland waters. Good results have been made in some localities, and favorable progress is promised in other quarters; but we especially wish to know about the localities where but little or nothing has been accomplished, and the reason why. Please don't pass this up with the flattering unction that some other conservationist will reply, but do it yourself, then it will be well done, and done quickly, and receive our grateful thanks and cordial obligations.

J. A. HENSHALL.

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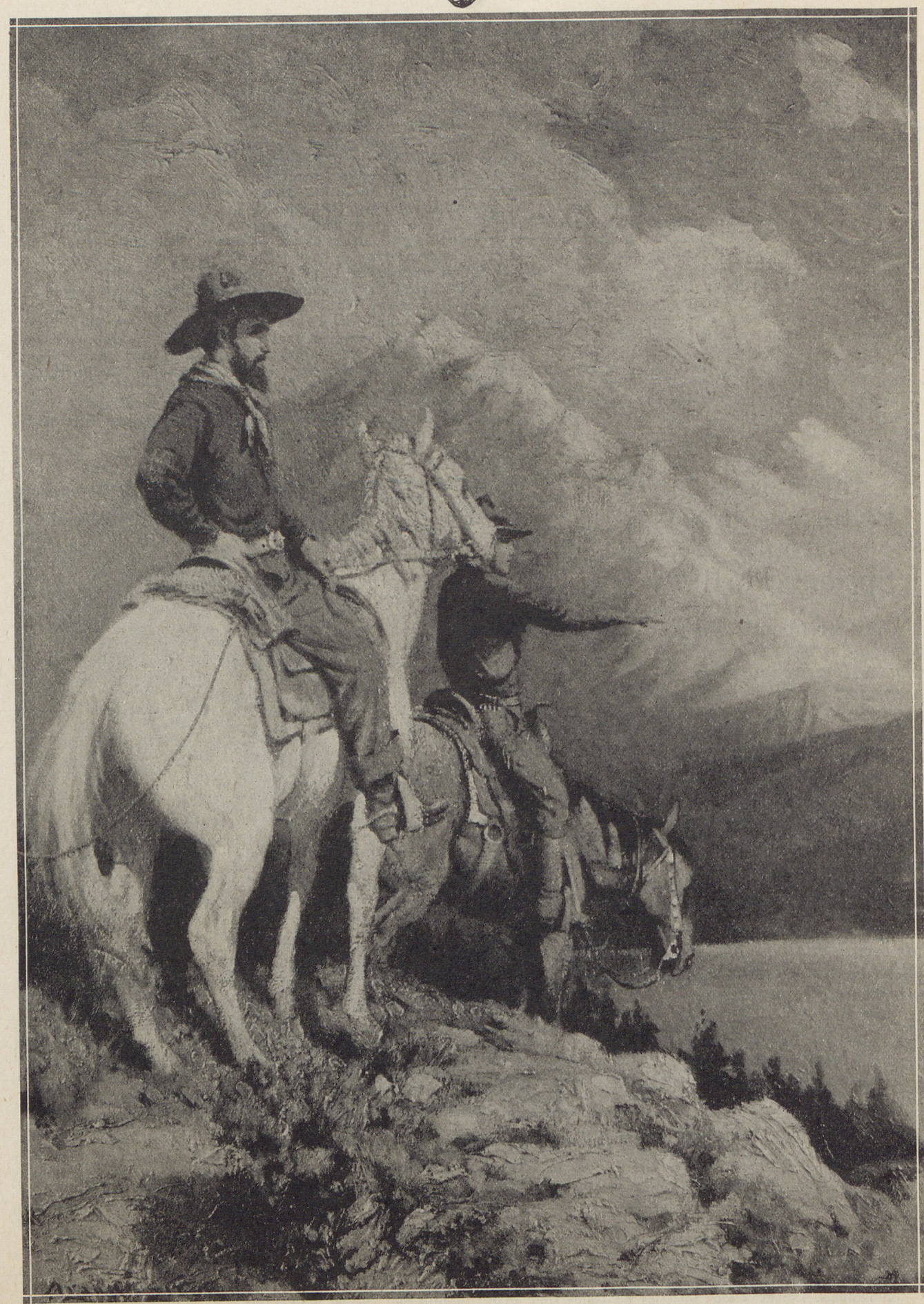


"—the pioneers came upon a beautiful lake—where the water was as clear as crystal and full of food for fish—"

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

A Page from the Past

Illustrations by Frank Stick

By GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

"LIGHT your pipe, Will, and sit down here by the fire. Lean back against that red spruce, for I want you to dream a little, and you've got to be contented when you dream—there, all fixed?

"Now, I want you to close your eyes a minute and when you open them look across the fire with my eyes and see a man about forty years old; he has a long silky brown beard and his hair is curly, he is dressed in brown overalls, stuffed into heavy boots, and a blue flannel shirt. A slouch hat lies on the grass beside him and an old 40-90 Sharps rifle rests against the tree at his back. His cartridge belt is well filled and supports a revolver and a long knife.

"No, he was not one of the James gang, he was my father: And right there where you sit was a red headed freckled faced boy of twelve. He wore a buckskin suit with long fringe at the seams and he was polishing his greatest treasure, a beautiful Ballard rifle, with which he had just killed his first buck.

"The man was gazing into the fire as you are now, old man, and he was thinking deeply. At last he spoke to the boy. 'Do you know, son, that some day the game and trout will be but a memory here in these mountains? The discovery of gold means death to all wild life. In their greed for gold, men will poison and pollute these streams, cut these beautiful forests and make these hills look like a prairie dog village, and your children will live luxuriously in cities, on the wealth which you will help take from these mountains. But, Oh! is it worth it? Will they have the courage and the self reliance that the boys of your generation have? For character is only formed by overcoming, and a too soft life tends to bring out weaklings.'

"He rose and stood with his back to the fire looking off across the tops of the spruce forest.

"'There have been many times when I have wondered if I am not selfish to keep you here with me in these rough surroundings, but when I look at the product of our cities, I am satisfied; because you at least are not going to be a weakling.'

"The boy was very little interested in this serious prophesying, the thing paramount at the moment was the fact that his trigger finger had crooked at exactly the right moment, and that his muscles had not quivered when that buck came in line with the white bead on his rifle. Secondary, was the knowledge that the sour-dough bread was fast browning in the dutch oven and that it was time to put the slices of deer liver in the bacon grease prepared for it.

"The morning after the scene above, the burros were packed and the journey toward the gold camp was resumed. Just below timberline, the pioneers came upon a beautiful lake about three thousand yards long and half as wide. The water clear as crystal and full of food for fish, but barren of trout, as the little stream which connected the lake and the main river dropped over a sheer fall of fifty feet just below the lake.

"Not a tree on the banks of the lake had ever been cut and the grass on which the burros fed had never been touched before by domesticated animals, as the main trail was far to the north and only because of the need of game for food had the little party drifted this way. Camp was made below the falls where with hook and grass hopper a half dozen trout were quickly taken.

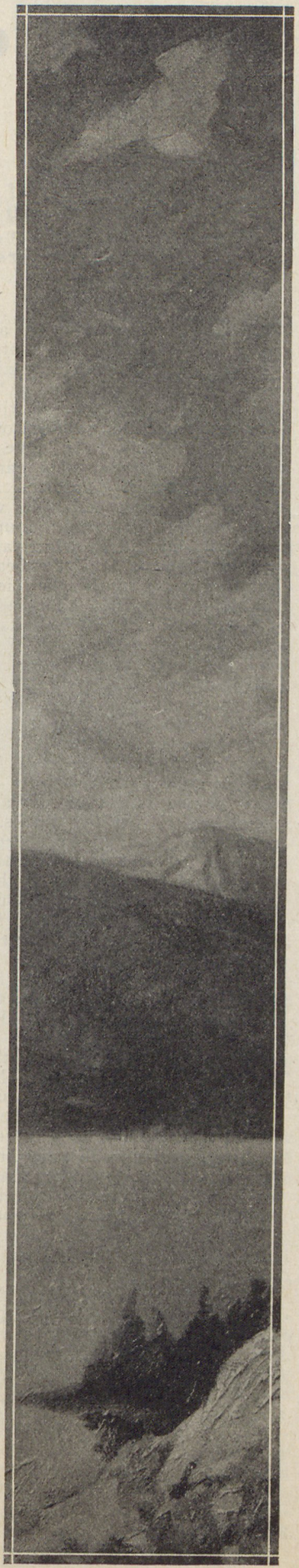
"Next morning, after making the boy comfortable for a week's stay alone, the man returned to the settlement. The boy, tired of the work of tanning the hide of the buck taken the day before, wandered up to the lake. For a long time he lay on the grass watching the shadows from the peak above creep and creep, then two eagles came and circled round and round searching every rock and crevice for possible prey; the shadows grew long, a camp bird came and sat on a broken stub and gazed with questioning eye at the lad. The lonely quiet scene seemed to bring out the prophetic words of the night before—'some day, the game and the trout will be but a memory in these mountains.'

"The boy thought deeply upon his father's words and that afternoon a conservationist was born. Suddenly he rose and ran down the hill to the brook below. He filled the old black coffee pot with water and hastily baiting a hook began fishing. Every trout hooked was yanked to the bank and unceremoniously dumped into the vessel to be carried up the short climb and released in the lake above. No inertia now, no more weary hours of waiting. Here was a labor of love, a sportsman's soul at its best, catching, fighting, working without the pang of killing. For five days from sun up until dusk, the boy carried trout around the falls. As time went on, he built a dam across a small pool near the brook, into which he put his catch, later carrying them in the old battered pan used for mixing bread, up to the lake.

"The days were short now, and when the father returned, the boy was able to tell him, by the tally marks cut on a stick, that over three hundred trout were now in the lake. That was thirty-nine years ago.

"Last week I rode up a dim trail to the lake, and with me rode a golden haired boy of eleven years, an enthusiastic sportsman, trap shot and fisherman. The first member to enroll in the Denver Chapter

(Contin'd on page 179)



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Beware of a Gameless Continent

Says DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

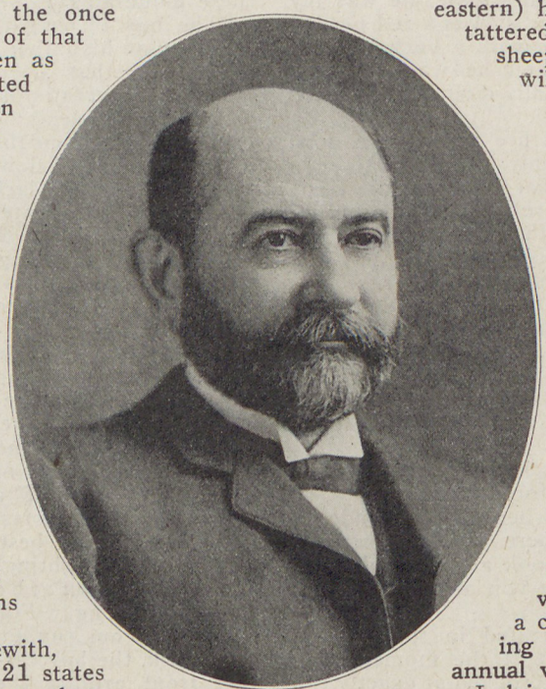
DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, famous zoologist and one of America's best known conservationists and authorities on vanishing wild life, has written the following appeal, and we hope that every one of our readers will write us what they think of Dr. Hornaday's article. Here is a chance for a discussion of interest to every principled game-loving sportsman in America.

THIS is a warning to all men who hunt in the United States with shotgun or rifle, and kill game. If you are going to exterminate your own sport by killing off the game "according to law," I want you to do it knowingly, and with your eyes open.

As a conspicuous illustration, note what the men of Colorado have done to the once marvelously abundant big game of that one time hunters' paradise. Even as early as 1912 they had so far wasted their heritage of bison, mountain sheep, elk, mule deer, white-tailed deer, antelope and grizzly bear, that all hunting of these species had to be **stopped!** You had grouse and quail and rabbits left. Now the shooting of quail has been stopped! Am I right or not?

Throughout the whole United States, with but few exceptions, the free hunting-grounds have been swept so clean of good game that only paltry remnants are left. The exceptions, wherein ducks, geese, quail, deer, moose, sheep and bear may yet be found, are **so few and so far between** that they are like little islands around the border of a great barren sea!

Is this what **you** want your sons to inherit from you?



DR. W. T. HORNADAY

Look on the map shown herewith, at the shaded states, and see the 21 states in which your automatic and pump shotguns, and your wicked bag "limits" and open seasons, have enabled the confirmed quail-killers to EXTERMINATE quail shooting. You can't hunt quail in any of these states, save in Kansas every alternate year, where a 5-year close season has brought back the quail. Last winter 4 other states tried to stop all quail hunting.

Now look on the other map, see where grouse hunting has been exterminated in 14 states, and tell me whether or not I am improperly a "calamity-howler."

I could make for you maps showing the extermination of grizzly-bear hunting, deer hunting, sheep hunting, antelope hunting, turkey hunting, and so on; but what is the use? You know the facts well enough without them.

In California five organizations (two of them eastern) have clubbed together to save the tattered remnants of California antelope, sheep and elk. In California a live wild deer is almost a curiosity.

"But," I hear you ask, "can anything be done to stop further game extermination, bring back **some** of the lost game, and preserve **some** sport?"

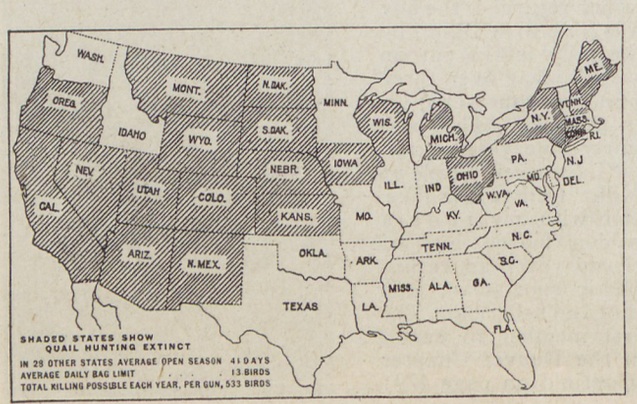
I answer, yes. Something can be done,—**provided** the nature-loving sportsmen of America, few though they are,—have the vision, the horse sense and the nerve to see their duty and resolutely perform it! But the initiative and the labor must be furnished by **the men who kill the game!**

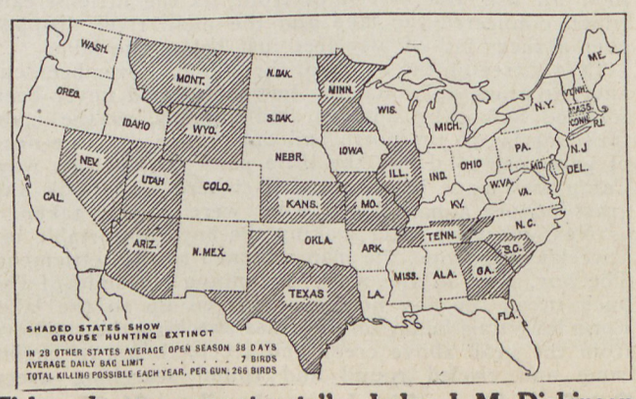
For thirteen years I have been telling you that "the game of the United States is being exterminated according to law." Now I also tell you that **the only way** to save your hunting sport on a continuing basis is to **make sweeping and permanent reductions in the annual volume of slaughtered game!**

I claim that killing should be reduced by approximately 50 per cent! I say that this should be done by radical reductions in all bag limits, and in all open seasons, save in Pennsylvania, which is in a class by itself. But do the job thoroughly, or not at all. Don't make any more empty bluffs at "preserving" killable game while it is being steadily exterminated.

It is a crime to permit 5,500,000 armed men to go out every year to kill all the game the foolish "law al-

(Continued on page 182)





"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi

Last installment of the continuation of John Moreland, Fisherman, which ran in this magazine in the issues of Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1922

By WILL H. DILG

AFTER John Moreland and Bill had returned to their row boat, and just as Bill was ready to push off from the side of The Winner, Walter Strong leaned over his launch and said, "John, you haven't a chance to beat my five-pound, two-ounce bass. It's a case of stealing money to raise our bet from five thousand to ten thousand. Don't you think you had better back up and let our bet stand at the original five thousand?"

"Not on your life—she stands at ten thousand, and take a good look at the boy who's going to knock down the persimmon," defiantly declared John Moreland.

"All right, John, throw your money away if you want to, the ten thousand goes," said Strong, and with a snap he plunked himself down in his chair.

"Five hundred bones," said Nate Ward to Bill, holding up his hand with thumb and four fingers extended. Bill made no reply, but silently raised his hand and slowly counted, beginning with his thumb, each finger on his left hand and with a nod and a final wave reached for his oars.

John Moreland and Bill Pohlman sat in silence and watched The Winner as it sped up river until it turned a bend and was lost to sight. For some time neither spoke but both were plainly thinking. Finally, Bill cleared his voice and with a half smile said, "Well, Mr. Moreland, the season is drawing to a close and so far as I can see it's up to us get that old King bass. If we get him, we win. That's certain. I'm here to tell you it's no snap to beat a five-pound, two-ounce bass. I know lots of old fishermen who have fished since boyhood and never caught a five-pound small-mouth black bass on a fly. That King bass in our little slough is just worth ten thousand, five hundred dollars to us, and—"

Bill Pohlman, John Moreland's master boatman.

But here he was interrupted by the determined voice of John Moreland. "I'd give ten times ten thousand just to have that old King bass hooked right now and be perfectly willing to take my chances of getting him. I never wanted anything half so much as I want to get that bass. I've been in many an interesting business fight—I've had a million or two at stake more than once but this bet has all the thrills of the best of them and then some extras piled on top for good measure."

Silence now obtained and Bill slowly pulled toward The Victory. Both he and Moreland were thinking of the King bass and ways and means to get him.

On board The Winner Walter Strong and Nate Ward rejoiced. Nate considered his bet of five hundred as good as won and he could hardly believe that Bill Pohlman was sucker enough to bet that much money against their five-pound bass. "Our luck was with us when we struck that old dam below Pidgeon Island and at just the right time too," he said.

Strong, though, wondered if John Moreland had really hooked and lost a bigger fish than his and asked Nate if a big fish was apt to hang about any given place for any length of time. Nate replied that when the water was at a stand as it was at that time a big fish was very apt to remain near one place if the feeding continued good. He was, however, of the opinion that Moreland and Bill were mistaken about the size of the fish they had lost. "A fish always looks bigger in the water than it does in the net," he said.

"Well, well, ol' fren', I see by your face you no get dat beeg Winneshiek bass dis morn'," hailed Pete Lafitte as Bill pulled alongside the houseboat.

John Moreland and Bill were not in a mood to talk and at once adjourned to the forward porch, lit their pipes and proceeded to look over Moreland's great supply of flies and tackle. Old Pete followed, as the keen old Frenchman sensed something unusual in the manner of both Moreland and Bill.

"You see dat Lars Peterson?" inquired Pete.

"We saw his boss and Nate Ward and they showed us a five-pound, two-ounce bass," answered John Moreland.

"By Gar—by Gar—dat beeg bass. Ole' fren' you mus' get dat beeg bass you hook an' los'. By Gar—Pete Lafitte can no stan' have dat Swede beat dis boat. I hate give dat Swede one hundred an tirty dollair. You got fish like hell and beat dat Swede."

"I pressed my bet five thousand dollars and I'm betting ten thousand now that we win, and Bill bet Nate Ward five hundred," announced Moreland with a laugh.

"Ole' fren' I got hunt beeg bass—dis tam year beeg bass dey stay one place long tam an' by Gar—Pete Lafitte go hunt dis Winneshiek country for beeg bass. We mus' not lose dat bet."

To say that every man jack on board The Victory was thinking black bass would be to only tell a simple truth. Walter Strong's five-pound and two-ounce bass was the all possessing subject and Moreland's crew fairly prayed that the old man would hook the King bass he had scratched the evening before.

At luncheon Jim Crow said, "I wonder what the King of the Winneshiek is doing now." And from that moment the big bass was always referred to as the King of the Winneshiek.

After luncheon Moreland and Bill again adjourned to the forward porch and again discussed a choice of flies. Bill was of the opinion that a small spinner with fly attached might fool the King and so tiny silver, gold and copper spoons were selected. The hours moved slowly for John Moreland and over and over again he looked at his watch and frequently he looked at the sky and hoped for a dusky grey evening. Bill Pohlman too was on tenterhooks and watched the sun which seemed to stand still instead of performing its regular business of setting in the west.

At last four o'clock arrived and as that was the time scheduled to start forth, Bill had the boat ready and John Moreland had his rod jointed and leaders soaked, so they started forth, needless to say bearing the wholehearted blessings of the crew.

"The leaves are beginning to turn and it's getting almost too late to expect bass to feed many days on the surface," said Bill, "we had a little frost last night and a few more frosty nights will mean that the King of the Winneshiek will make for deep water and seek winter quarters, so we must fish our best because we can't tell how many fly fishing days we have ahead of us."

"Yes, there's no use kidding ourselves," said Moreland with a sigh. "I remember now that the wild grapes just above the headquarters of our King bass are beginning to turn purple." "Let's pray that the yellow butterflies continue to flutter about, because when they go the ducks start to come in from the north and then it's good-night to fly fishing," replied Bill.

Though Moreland and Bill were engrossed with the ambition to capture the King bass they did not fail to notice how glorious was the evening as they turned into their little slough in which the King of the Winneshiek was located. The sun was streaming through the trees and the birds were rejoicing. A flock of black birds lit in a wild rice field off to the left and chattered in musical, flute like notes as they fed. A gang of young fish ducks splattered through the water down current as the boat turned a bend and surprised the brood still too young to fly well. A pair of blue herons arose with a squawk of protest as Bill eased his boat toward the black clay bank.

"There's our old King and doing business just as he was this morning," said Moreland. And there's our old black bird and that means the minnows are running and the bass are there and smashing away and giving the minnows hell." "Let's wait a few minutes before we begin to cast," said Bill, pointing to some black clouds which were coming with the wind and would soon cast a shadow over the rapidly swirling waters along the clay bank. Soon the clouds were overhead, casting a deep shadow just as Bill had declared. With the greatest care Bill eased his boat within casting distance. John Moreland glanced back at Bill and at his nod whipped out a Yellow Sally, attached to a gold spoon directly onto the clay bank and then gently twitched it into the water just above the Royal den of the King. It caught the current and then the old King saw it just a little late but he made a dash for it, his back finned battle-flag cutting through the water like a knife. Smash! went the water as he missed, again smash! crashed the water and again the King missed the lure.

John Moreland's heart banged against his ribs each time the mighty bass missed his lure. He glanced back at Bill and Bill saw that Moreland was drawn and white with excitement. "Let's pull to the opposite bank and give him a chance to settle down before we try again," said Bill.

"I'll never forgive myself for missing those two strikes," said Moreland and his voice actually trembled as he said it.

"You're not to blame," said Bill. "Your cast was just a little too close to the spot where the bass lies. The lure caught the current too late and therefore his strike was short each time because of the current carrying the fly so fast."

"Fishing is the greatest game in the world and I hate myself for one time thinking that fishermen were a bunch of crazy nuts," said Moreland.

"I don't think we had better try again for some minutes," advised Bill.

"All right," answered Moreland, "I'm pretty jerky and I guess it's best to give me a chance to pull myself together, but did you notice how angrily he cracked away in those two walloping strikes? Only an extraordinary bass could tear up the water as our old King did."

After an hour or more casting, the heavy clouds which now hung low brought on a drizzling rain and so they decided to quit for the evening.

Pete Lafitte and Jim Crow were anxiously waiting and as soon as they heard Bill's oars they came out and helped him land alongside the houseboat. Pete was disappointed beyond words but he took some consolation in the thought that the drizzle was a warm rain. "If we get cold rain—dat mean heavy frost and de bass she go down deep water," he said. "By Gar—we mus' win dat bet. It mak' me seek to have pay dat tam Swede one hundred tirty dollair."

A serious crew sat down to dinner that evening. No one seemed to care to talk. John Moreland ate in silence. Jim Crow, naturally a talker, finally burst out and said, "I bet I can get the King of the Winneshiek in five minutes with live bait."

"Sure," said Bill.

"Gee, wouldn't he go to a frog or a craw fish," remarked Jim with a laugh.

After dinner, Moreland beckoned to Bill to come into his forward room. "Bill," he said, "is there much danger of a live bait fisherman finding our big bass?"

"There are few campers at this season of the year," said Bill. "The bass has established his headquarters at an unusual place. Some outboard motor fisherman might happen to come through our little slough and if he did he would be sure to try the clay bank where our big fish is located. Most fishermen at this time of year are after pike, so they carry live bait and a live bait fisherman would be more than apt to get him."

John Moreland remained silent for a minute and then said, "What do you think of our moving 'The Victory' closer to our big bass so that we can see the clay bank and watch it?"

"Good idea. Let's do it the first thing tomorrow morning," answered Bill.

"It would be nothing short of double distilled hell to lose our big bass and our bet because of a live bait fisherman getting him," said Moreland. "Yes, we'll move the boat tomorrow."

The warm rain continued to drizzle through the night and the next morning the river was wrapped in a thick fog. John Moreland was up just as soon as he heard old Pete stirring in the kitchen.

"I dream we get dat beeg bass," said Pete, as he served breafast. Everybody laughed, and then it developed that the whole crew had dreamed of the big fish.

About ten o'clock it stopped raining and the fog started to raise. Moreland and Bill started forth just as soon as it was possible to see. They heard the old giant of the little slough before they could see the clay bank. "We ought to get him this foggy morning," said Bill, as he carefully brought the boat within fly casting distance.

Luck was against them and even though John Moreland changed flies innumerable times and offered his feathered wares with his best cunning, he failed to get even the hint of a rise.

As Bill pulled toward the houseboat John Moreland sat deep in thought. Finally he roused himself and said, "I believe that old King bass is on to us. I can't see how he could have failed to see my flies. I offered him just about everything I had. Once I thought I dropped my feather minnow right on top of him as he plunged after the minnows."

"Can't tell a thing about bass," said Bill. "Sometimes they will take any old fly and at other times they

are mighty notionable. We know our bass is still at his old hangout and as long as we know where he is we have a chance. This evening we are just as apt as not to give him just what he wants. He was feeding on minnows this morning and there must be something to the color scheme of our flies that doesn't suit him."

"I think I'll wire for my young friend Robert Patterson and ask him to come up and bring his fly-tying outfit," said Moreland. "Perhaps he can get up a fly that will suit our old King. He's the best fisherman in the world and maybe he can help us out."

"Good idea," said Bill. "Let's hurry back and send Clyde Randall to town in the launch. He can make McGregor in two hours or so and perhaps Mr. Patterson can make tonight's train, and if he can we will have him on board the houseboat by noon tomorrow."

Walter Strong, Moreland's best friend and his rival in the big bet.

Two days later Robert Patterson arrived and a council of war was immediately called. It was held on the opposite shore in full sight of the black clay bank where the King of Winneshiek held forth — veritably an unchallenged sovereign. The doughty Monarch of the slough was busy, as usual, and Patterson was at first of the opinion that the big fish would take any old fly no matter how it looked or how offered, just so it was cast where the bass could see it as it smashed at the minnows. Moreland and Bill soon convinced him though that this was untrue and recited their sad experiences during the past week.

It was a balmy early October afternoon as Moreland and Patterson and Bill sat in consultation. The woods were golden with the first autumn tints, a gentle wind was blowing from the south, sweet with the smell of the woods. Occasionally a leaf came tumbling, turning and twisting through the air. Squirrels chattered in the underbrush and curiosity overcoming them came close to see what all this ado was about. A flock of wood ducks whistled down the wind, and changing their course made for a clump of woods across a swamp of billowy wild grass.

Patterson sat in silence and drank in the wild beauty of the Winneshiek. "It's been a daily fight for me to stay in town but John Moreland Incorporated and all his big mills are going along fine and hitting on all cylinders. I've buckled down to business and I like it too and I think I'm getting on to things."

"I knew you would, boy. Willard writes me you're worth your weight in gold to the business and I'm glad. I knew you had the right stuff in you and I was glad to give you your big chance. I'll never forget that you taught me how to fish and instead of your being under obligations to me, just the opposite is the truth. Fishing is the greatest game in the world and if it hadn't been for fishing my race would be over, just as Doctor Kimbark said."

Bill Pohlman, sensing that Moreland and Patterson might want to talk confidentially, had long since wandered off by himself. The old man and the young one sat and watched the rapidly running water as it swept along the opposite bank. A brown wood butterfly came out of the woods back of them and fluttered across to the opposite bank but a sudden gust of wind caught it and swept it into the water just above the den of the big bass where on balanced fins lay the only chance of John Moreland's winning his bet. The butterfly fluttered only **an instant**. The water exploded with a plop and the butterfly disappeared down the gullet of the big bass. "I've got it," cried Patterson, and springing to his feet out came his watch and seeing that it was only two o'clock he called for Bill.

John Moreland wanted to know what all the excitement meant and Patterson explained: "I'm going back to the houseboat and make an imitation of that woodland butterfly and if we hurry I think I can have it ready in time for this evening's fishing."

A few strokes of the oars brought the party back to "The Victory." Patterson hastily brought forth his feathers and fly tying apparatus and never did he have so interested an audience. Pete Lafitte and Jim Gore and Clyde Randall had been told of the plan and watched every move Patterson made.

"It's a good thing I have some cork cut just about the right size," said Patterson as he fixed it in his vise after having first set the hook. Patterson was perhaps the best artificial fly tyer in America and he worked fast. Soon the audience was amazed to see a dark brown butterfly develop. At last, just as the clock stood at five-thirty, be pronounced his work finished.

"By Gar," said Pete, "I think dat fool dat beeg bass sure. By Gar, ole fren', we mus' win dat bet. I can no stan' sit here. I go long an' watch." And so the whole crew started forth.

The river was aglow with the rosy tints of a flaming sunset. There were streaks of yellow and fiery red clouds across the heavens and there was a warmth to the evening that augured well. As the boats silently moved through the water Bill whispered to Moreland, "We are going to get him this trip." John Moreland made no answer but from time to time he looked at the feathered creation Patterson had made.

The party stopped at a safe distance from the black clay bank. Just before Patterson stepped from the boat he advised Moreland to drop his artificial butterfly about five feet up stream from where the old bass lay. "Don't twitch it too much—make it act like a butterfly trying to raise from the surface," he said.

Moreland did not answer.

The party walked softly along the opposite bank. Not a word was spoken by anyone as Bill gently backed up to the right spot. "Now get your distance and don't forget as close to five feet above the big bass as you can manage it," said Bill.

John Moreland nodded, whipped his fly through the air, and then shot forth the golden brown shaft of feathers. The hook hit the clay bank and stuck. "Careful," whispered Bill. Moreland gently twitched it loose and it tumbled into the water and caught the current. "Twitch it lightly," against whispered Bill, and then there was an explosion and the water crashed into a foam. Moreland had set the hook. The bass sprang into the air and madly rushed up current just at the edge of the bank and then made a wild leap into the air. Bill pulled and shot his boat up stream with every atom of his strength. The instant the mighty bass hit the water it bolted down stream and Moreland's reel shrieked in shrill crescendos as it gave forth yards of line. At eighty feet the fish again sprang into the air and shot the water from its glistening bronze sides in every direction. Afterwards Patterson described the leap as being four feet clean of the water and the falling drops like a bright spray of diamonds.

The King of the Winneshiek, with a heart of fire, battled as should a royal warrior. Often had he been fast to hook and line and shaken free; often had he been caught in the sweep of a vast net, and often had he sprung over the top of the highest of nets. Verily, no ordinary black bass was this mighty Monarch of running waters. The battle ground was not of the choosing of the valiant fish and therefore he swam down deep in the rapid currents, making full use of his broad sweep of tail and muscles of steel. About one hundred yards down below, the water was more shallow with brush piles and hidden roots and for these the great fish desperately struggled. Moreland gave the fish all that his rod would stand and Bill held back on his oars as hard as he dared. Still the boat slowly travelled toward where the brush piles hung in the sand. It was for these brush piles the brave bass was struggling and every atom of his strength was directed to bring the boat there. To this end the great fish strove and tugged mightily. The brush piles and hidden logs and roots spelled freedom to the mighty bass John Moreland had hooked.

Patterson first saw the danger and after repeatedly shouting advice Bill finally comprehended, saw the danger and put forth more strength on the oars. "We must hold him here," he said to Moreland, "those brush piles below mean we lose our fish and you must not give him an inch of line. We must chance breaking something right here."

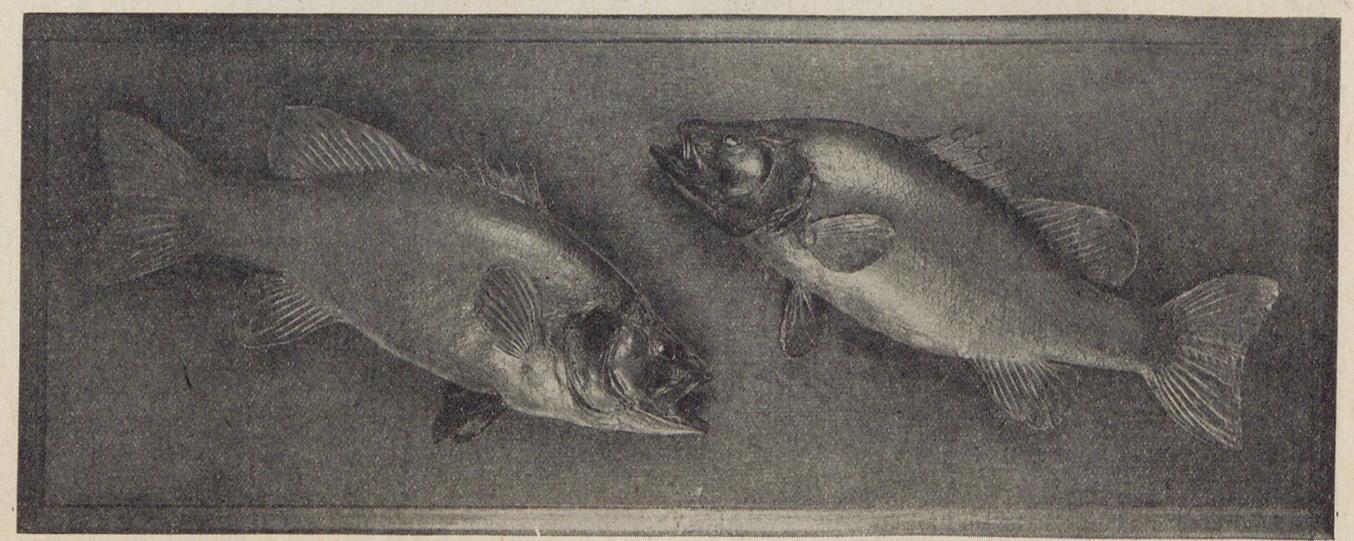
The old man understood and slowly took in line, his rod meanwhile creaking dangerously from the strain. The great fish faltered and lost ground. For an instant it seemed as though his knightly heart had failed to command him. But only for an instant. Again he dug down and again he plunged down stream, fighting desperately for every inch of line. Blind with rage the fish came up and threw his body down stream and churned the water into an angry foam. The rod held, the hook held, the leader held, the crisis was over and the splendid fish had failed to make the brush piles. Slowly and grudgingly it yielded to the torturing strain of the rod.

There was still plenty of things which might happen —the hook might wear a hole large enough to slip out, or even pull out.

"We must hurry him," said Bill. "Give him every bit your rod will stand." John Moreland did as he was told and fished as he had never fished before. He slowly took in line and when the fish slashed the water with his head half out he kept a tight line and never ceased to coax it closer to the boat. "Get his head up and hold it just a little above water," said Bill, "so we can drown him."

"We've got him, if nothing happens we should have him in the net in a minute."

Bill dropped his oars and reached for the net. "Keep him a-coming," he said. John Moreland played his part to perfection and slid his (Continued on page 178)



"Let's have our two bass mounted on one board and present them to the Club."

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

A Protest from Robert H. Davis

Famous Writer and Angler writes the President

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Here comes a casual angler seeking only to set before you that which is to some a trivial thing but to the whole nature-loving nation a matter of great moment.

There are those among us who would drain the upper Mississippi. Why? The lands that would be revealed after the waters have left us are of scant agricultural value: whereas these upper waters of the Father of Waters are great natural breeding grounds for all warm water food and game fishes, for countless millions of water and song birds, for all flora and fauna that beautifies and enriches the garden where the river is born.

The billion spawn of a million bass mothers come into the world in the back waters of the upper Mississippi. Those spawn are used annually to restock the streams of the country. By proper protective and administrative work the output could be multiplied indefinitely.

The conservation of food fishes and wild fowl is quite as necessary as any other form of conservation. In the vast scheme of consumption we must reckon always with the extinction of life and materials. When the timber is destroyed the rivers fail and when the rivers fail the fish disappear.

The upper Mississippi by virtue of the vastness of its possessions still sends forth inexhaustible accumulating waters and these waters teem with life.

If there were great need of additional farm lands this drainage project might be justified. This, however, seems a fallacious argument as there are better farm lands to be had elsewhere not involving the destruction of a nursery for wild life that has no equal in any other part of the nation. It is better that we develop than destroy our waters.

I believe this drainage proposition is shortly to come before Congress. In the meantime, should the issue be brought to your attention I hope some of the things I have written will serve to guide you. Most sincerely,

"Bob" Davis, Author of "The Rape of the River."

Get five of your friends to subscribe—$1.00 a year

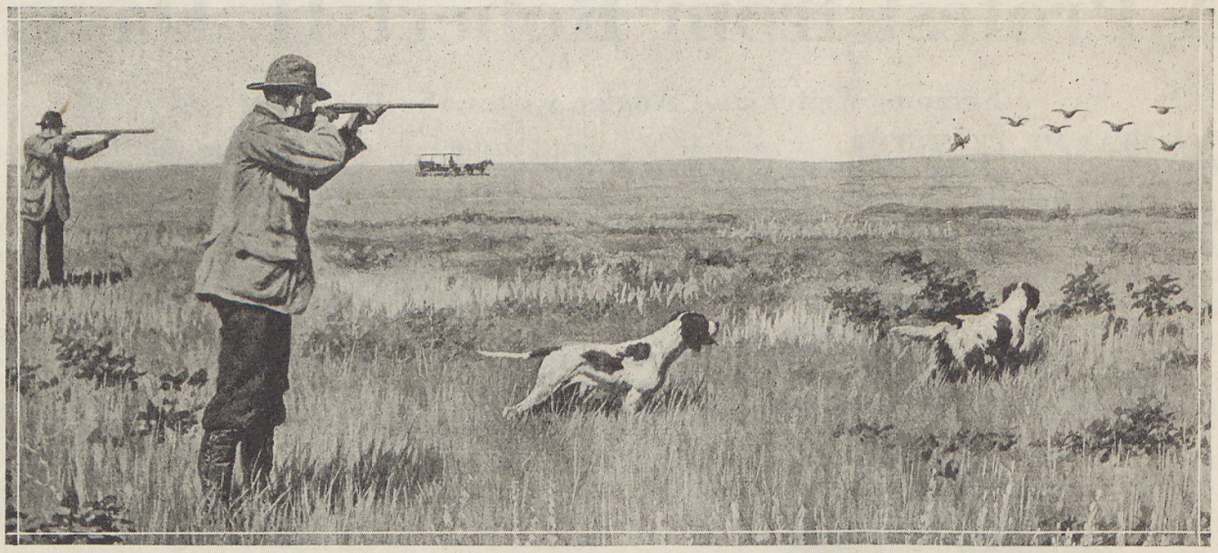
The following poem by Mr. Davis was written to America's best known outdoorsman and copied by the press of the world:

ROOSEVELT

HE came from out the void
Buoyed upon the surging tides.
He braved the West,
Defied the wide frontiers;
He trekked the continents
And enthroned his name
Among the white, the black, the brown, the yellow men.
He trod the frond,
Fording the darkened streams
That glide through jungles
To the tropic sea.
He spanned the globe,
He swept the skies,
And moved beneath the waters of the deep.
He entered all the portals of the world,
A vibrant, thrilled, exhaustless, restless soul;
Riding at last the very stars
Asleep.

N. Y. Sun
Jan. 9, 1919

This is the way it was done about 30 years ago. A typical western prairie scene where the prairie chicken thrived — now gone.



"On The Wing"

Wild Fowl Shooting of Today and Yesterday

With Special Consideration of the Prairie Chicken

By FERDINAND BROWN

ABOUT the first of September we have a slight attack of restlessness. We are unable to concentrate our minds on the more material things of life. Even golf, the outdoor sport which has given us so many pleasant hours and kept us fit during the summer, no longer holds its charm. We have the first stage of hunting fever, and as the season advances, so the fever runs higher until the case becomes chronic, and does not show signs of clearing up until the middle of December. To be more exact, this disease, which millions of men, and many women, acquire each fall, starts about the tenth of September and does not leave the system until December 21st. The time of incubation differs slightly, however, in different zones of the United States.

As usual I am appointed a committee of one to get things in readiness for the annual chicken expedition to the northern part of the state. Included among my other duties, is the securing of annual hunting licenses for the party, which consists of three, not counting our manager in the north. So a few days prior to September 16th (that day when the great army of hunters take to the fields and lakes to start the slaughter) I rush madly to the office of the county treasurer with my affidavits to secure the necessary pieces of paper which permit one to hunt wild fowl. To see the line up of men at this office and the commotion, one unacquainted with the circumstances would be at a loss to understand just what was causing all the excitement at the county building. As I take my place in the line I cannot refrain from observing the different faces about me, and making mental notes of each one. Over here is a typical business man, and not far away in the line next to ours is his clerk. No doubt the fireman for the building, in which his store is located, is also seeking his license. Among those represented, including all classes and professions and trades, I note that the professional man predominates. Also in line I see one minister, one bank president, one proprietor of a restaurant, one taxi-cab driver, one railroad man, several young boys and a few ordinary laboring men. In fact, the butcher, the baker and the candle stick maker are securing their licenses to hunt wild game. They all hear the call of the wild woods and flowing streams; they long to see the blue grass of what is left of the prairie, and hear the crack of the straw as they walk through the golden stubble field of grain.

Soon the fifteenth of September arrives, the day before the opening of the season on wild fowl. Look in any direction and you see a modern car filled with enthusiastic hunters. They not only have a high powered car, but all the modern apparatus for the modern sportsman. The deadly automatic gun seems to be the favorite, although many have the repeater. One seldom sees the good old double barrel of our fathers' time. The modern hunter must have at least five rapid fire shots at his disposal, otherwise he couldn't burn up enough shells nor make enough noise. About the only stores that seem to be doing any business this day are the hardware stores. Shells are being sold by the case, and many late ones are buying hunting clothes and caps. In the street car, elevator, at your noonday lunch, all one hears is "hunting." "Where are you going for the opening?" Tomorrow all lines of business will be at a standstill, for hundreds of men representing every line of business life in any typical western city will be in the fields or lakes or ponds, hunting the festive duck or chicken. Anyone wishing the services of a doctor, dentist, lawyer on this big day will find themselves out of luck.

About noon we take our departure for the north, our destination being Watertown, distance 125 miles. The weather and roads are all that could be desired. Soon we are on the highway leading to the north and as this road leads to the best hunting grounds in the state, there is a regular jam of cars, each one tearing madly along the road, taking chances of accidents, the more powerful cars overtaking and passing the lesser ones, all the occupants bubbling over with enthusiasm, all keyed up to that pitch of anticipation of the thrills of tomorrow in the field and on the slough. As a number of them pass our car, I give them the once over. Some have dogs, tents, and all kinds of camping equipment, while others are very light, having only guns and shells. The latter are only going to the sloughs for the morning duck shoot. Now and then I see cars from other states, Iowa and Illinois license tags. These parties are going for chicken shooting and they have all the modern equipment that money can buy. Pointers and setters with pedigrees aplenty, and valued probably at several hundred each. They have traveled from three hundred to one thousand miles to hunt prairie chickens a few days, and they are allowed only five birds to a gun a day. Each

bird they bag will no doubt cost them on an average of ten dollars apiece. But they should worry, they have the jack, and the thrill that they get from watching their favorite pointer or setter come to a point when the stage is all set for action, is worth the money.

It is nearly seven o'clock when we arrive at Watertown, and we are welcomed by our host and manager, Dr. Lyle Spencer. He bawls us out for not arriving sooner as we have thirty miles yet to cover before camping for the night. We show lots of pep and enthusiasm, and Spenc says, "That's right, fellers, show that pep spirit now while you can, because tomorrow I will take it out of you in just a few hours. We are going to the Hills of Altamont and as the chickens are reported rather wild and won't hold good, we will have to work like Trojans to get our limit."

Spenc had his flivver all ready, and after a hasty supper, we were soon on our way to the hills with the two cars, Spenc, myself and the two dogs in the flivver taking the lead, the other boys following. Arrangements had already been made to take care of our party for the night at one of the ranches near chicken country. Soon we were off the main highway and the going was rough, especially with my friend Spenc behind the wheel. The night was dark as a stack of black cats, and now and then a streak of lightning could be seen in the west. We all hoped it would rain, just a shower, as things had been awfully dry, and the dogs were unable to get a good scent on account of this dryness. In what seemed a very short time for driving thirty miles at night, we arrived at the ranch where we found things in readiness and a hearty welcome together with the spirit which one finds, always, around a western ranch—make yourself at home and help yourself to anything. After a short visit with the boss of the ranch, we took to our beds and were soon pounding our ears, probably dreaming of the events of tomorrow. My last thoughts before going to sleep were of the grandeur of the "Hills of Altamont" for this was not my first visit to this part of the country. The wilderness of this vast country was what most appealed to me. What a home it must have been for the native Indian, and the buffalo and other wild animals of fifty years ago, now nearly extinct. Here the borders are wild and wide, millions of acres which are fit only for grazing purposes, growing buffalo grass and blue joint, in every direction as far as one can see. Where the hills and valleys meet in harmonious lines, where barbed wire fences are almost unknown, and where houses are few and far between. This is the country where the prairie chicken has been driven by the advance of civilization. This is the country where they are making their last stand.

The thrill that the follower of a good dog gets is worth more than the kill.

The morning of the opening was everything that could be desired from the standpoint of the chicken hunter. A light shower had taken place during the night so that no alibi could be offered for the dogs regarding the dryness of the fields and stubbles. Before daybreak we were away, this time all four of us in the flivver, dogs in a specially built box on the running board. Soon we came to a likely looking field of wheat stubble and the dogs were sent in to work it out. This they did in a very short time but never got a scent. As before stated, this part of the country is given over mostly to grazing, but what few ranches and farms there are, have to have more or less grain, so the stubble fields, or near them, was our best bet for finding birds the first two or three hours of the morning. We had not gone another mile before we observed another big stubble field, and the dogs went in and around with renewed vigor. Soon the setter, Mike, showed signs of chickens. He picked up a trail in the old grass, and was following cautiously, the trail leading into the stubble field. The pointer was ranging over the hill and did not see what was going on. We were out of the car, two of us backing up Mike, the other two following after the other dog. Then a flutter of wings that threw a scare into all of us was heard, and about ten birds flushed several hundred yards ahead, and as they took wing we tried to watch them down, but they were wild and we lost sight of them in the distance. In the same field a little farther down we had the same experience, the dog got a nice scent, worked brilliantly against what little breeze there was, but chickens got up before we got within a hundred yards of the dog and out of gun range from the dog. This was anything but joy for most of us, but Spenc with his usual pleasing and optimistic manner said not to mind, and insisted that the birds would hold better when the sun got higher and warmed things up a little. We tried walking each likely looking field, thinking the birds would hold better, also to give more confidence to the dogs, and show them we were trying to do our part. Field after field we walked. The dogs worked fine, ranging nicely, but the birds we found would not hold. In one field we did manage to get up where the pointer was about to come to a stand, but there were only three birds, and in our anxiety we blew all but one.

After a short rest and consultation we decided to work from the car only, using the dogs alternately. To our astonishment, this method worked out nicely, but I want to state right here that this is not good sportsmanship. The next field we drove right in with the car, but before doing so we "stripped for action," viz.: took the top down and also the windshield. Our method was to let one dog work at a time in whatever part of the field he most desired, and we "flivvered" the rest of it. When the dog came to a stand, we beat it "in high" just as fast as the car would go, each hunter but the driver in readiness. This method of hunting was not only new, but exciting. It also brought out that very often best results were obtained when shooting from the hip. Nearly always the birds would all get up together. But it is a fact that they held much better for the car than otherwise. Nowadays one has to use strategy in the hunting game to get results. **HOWEVER, I REPEAT, THIS IS NOT GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP.**

Now and then, while driving along the trail, chickens' heads were observed from the car, one or two sticking their necks up out of their hiding, seemingly trying to find out what all the fuss was about. We encountered one bunch of hunters who were hunting chickens without any dog. Thirty years ago, this would not seem strange, but today it looked impossible. These boys were real hunters, too, not farmers. When asked what luck they had, they produced a sufficient number to give us a real surprise. One of the party was an eye specialist, and he was "the dog." Seems he had an instinct or sixth sense, as he could see chickens while driving along the roads, especially in fields where ordinarily chickens would be found. Those that got away,

(Continued on page 190)

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Game Rifles

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR

Modern Bullets vs. Big Game

By M. L. GOUCHENOUR

THIS article on bullets and big game is remarkable and the only article of its kind of which we know. We hope it may inspire other articles af similar nature, though we believe that Mr. Gochenour's paper will be regarded as an authority on this subject for some time. Mr. Gochenour has been long and conscientious in the preparation of this article, and it is exact and authoritative in every detail.

WILL H. DILG

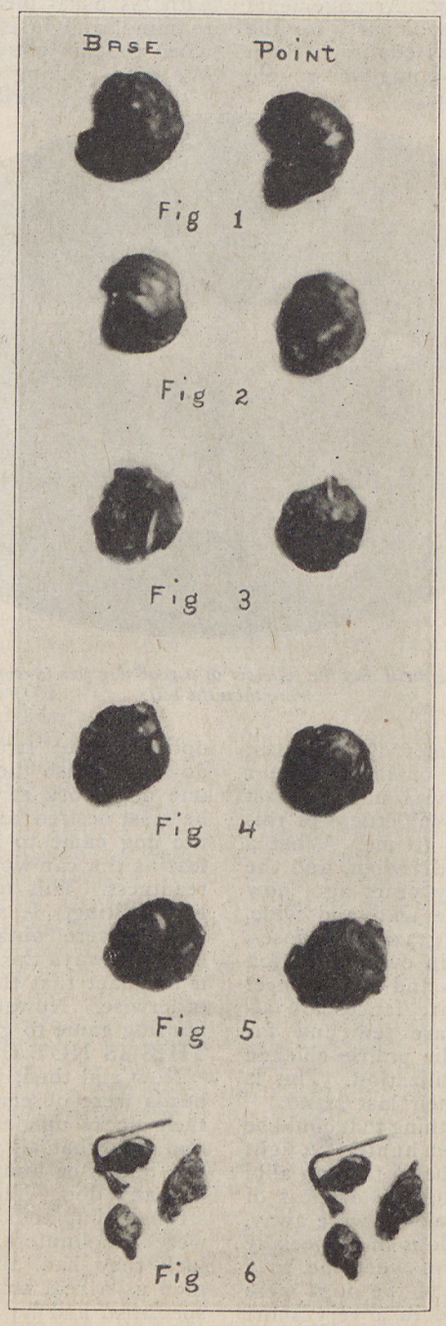
MUCH has been written about the effect of modern rifle bullets upon big game. Theories of inventors and manufacturers have supplied most of the inspiration for these manuscripts. Occasionally a surgeon has contributed to variety by a technical hypothesis. In rare instances, sportsmen have been sufficiently impressed with some phenomenal execution of a high power bullet to devote a short paragraph in their diaries to somewhat cursory observation of the missile's behavior. For the most part, our information on the subject is limited to second hand conclusions—usually based upon a reported experience, and contributing little first hand knowledge beneficial to hunters in general.

The great majority of sportsmen obey the game laws of the country where they spend vacation time. These laws limit the season's bag to one or two specimens each year. Most of us spend two weeks or more pursuing our annual quota. Is it not worth while to spend a few minutes, hours if necessary, learning all we can from the action of our death dealing missile's upon the quarry whose life we take? How better can we determine for ourselves whether we have used arms and ammunition that are adequate and fair?

It has always been a subject of absorbing interest—if not indeed a sacred right—for me, by exacting dissection, to trace every bullet that struck my kills. Some guides are better butchers than conservationists, and become impatient at a tedious analysis of bullet wounds in dead game, but with most woodsmen the practice of studying every detail of bullet contact is easily encouraged, and once the habit is formed it remains a part of the routine for guide or guided at every kill. To inspire closer observation of the effects of bullets upon game, and game upon bullets, is the purpose of this effort.

Only the "case system" will be used in this treatise, and no case will be cited excepting from personal experience. Moreover, in order to add practical value, no case will be cited excepting of bullets fairly illustrative of some series now in general use.

Figure 1 shows a .250 grain soft point bullet from a .38-.55 high velocity cartridge. This missile was found in the bark of a small ironwood tree where it lodged after passing through the forward viscera of a 180 pound buck. The shot was taken running, broadside on. The heart was completely severed from the circulatory system, lungs punctured, and a rib smashed on entering and leaving the body cavity. Yet this buck continued his long leaps for 140 yards after he was struck. Not many years ago Walter A. Stickler, of Marcell, Minn., had a very similar experience in my presence when he shot a large buck in the brisket, end on, with a .35 Remington 200 grain soft point bullet. The bullet struck no bones, but destroyed the right auricle, much lung and liver tissues, and passed out at the base of the tail. This animal wheeled, after he was struck, and ran 120 steps before falling. He did not leave a drop of blood in his trail, but the body cavity was filled with clot when we found the quarry. The first buck mentioned let blood profusely but would probably not have done so if the bullet had been of small caliber. With the second buck, the wounds were too high on the body cavity for blood to escape and no arteries were severed at the points of entrance or departure. This buck was killed in low bush country and we did not have such good fortune in locating the bullet as had been mine in the first case mentioned.



The difference in the velocity of the bullets used in these cases is about offset by the difference in their weight. The shape and mechanical construction of the bullets is similar. Being driven at approximately 2,000 feet per second, there is no danger of either bullet going to pieces on impact. Both hold together well whatever is encountered. Neither met any heavy bone resistance. Both cases were heart shots—one sidewise, and the other end to end. Both cartridges are conservatively adapted to large deer. It was natural to expect similar destructiveness to tissues from the vibrations of these bullets in each instance. Both ran true to form—making clean kills without the loss of more than a pound of edible tissue in either case.

The first effect of a serious bullet wound is shock. Then follow primary hemorrhages and the failure to function of the parts most immediately affected. The despatch with which these results can be ob-

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

tained without complementary destruction or bruising of any considerable amount of muscular tissue, is the work expected of a cartridge properly adapted to the quarry—when we must be about the nasty business attending a kill. Doubtless fatality resulted to the deer mentioned from immediate or primary hemorrhage, shock not being sufficient to bring them down, much less cause instant death.

Figure 2 is a .45-.90 (.300 grain) lead bullet that was instantly fatal to a 250 pound buck when it struck him above the heart just below the spinal column, nicking a vertebra immediately behind the shoulders. A rib on each side was shattered, but the heart was not touched, nor was the backbone more than scratched. The buck collapsed in the air about halfway in the course of a long bound. The shock of the big lead slug was either instantly fatal or paralyzed the creature into unconsciousness until hemorrhage brought death. At any rate, life was gone when we came up over a distance of less than 200 yards. A hunter soon learns to lose no time approaching a down deer.

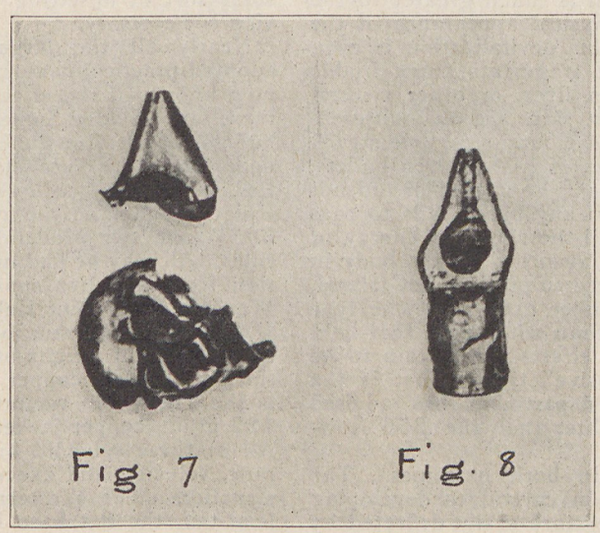


Fig. 7

Fig. 8

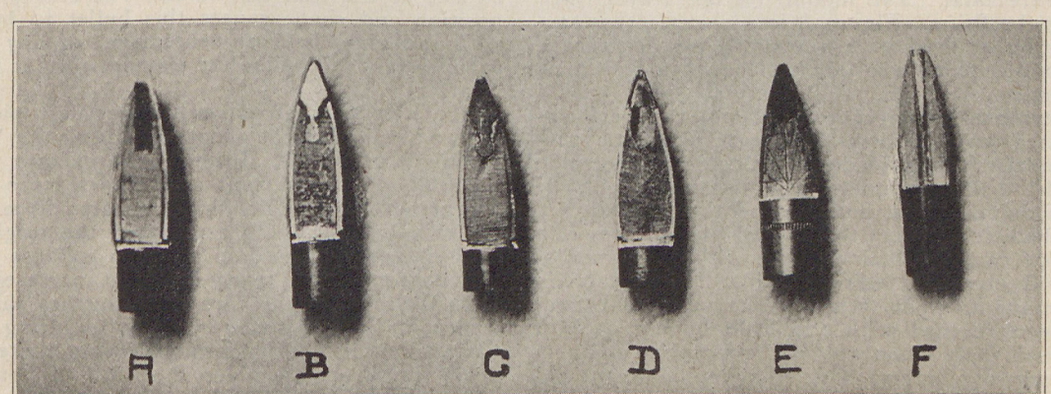
Here was a bullet of the old type—the big, black powder series—producing the desired result with all possible expedition. However, the big slug struck dense tissue in the ribs and vertebra so that every condition was favorable, although it was not badly deformed when recovered from the muscle sheath beneath the skin on the opposite side. There was almost no meat waste. This condition may be attributed to the fact that with big bullets which hold together well and move 2,000 feet per second or less, the devitalized area in their path is very small, unless the tenderest viscera, such as intestines, are punctured.

The bullet shown in Figure 3 is a .256 Newton of the original "Newton Series" with piano wire center or core. Careful observation on the side of the ridge where a shot had been taken at a spike buck was rewarded by finding this bullet, buried about six inches deep in sandy wood mould. A telltale splotch of fresh earth about the size of a quarter led to the find. The deer dropped in his tracks, although shot through the flank on a snap shot through a brushy windfall. Not a bone was touched. Only the skin, muscle sheaths and viscera had been encountered. Yet the shock from that little 129 grain missile, heat insulated to hold it together in flight and on impact, traveling at nearly 3,000 feet per second, had brought an almost instant and merciful death, even though none of the commonly accepted vital spots had been hit. A hole in the skin was torn at the point of departure, as large as a man's head.

Figure 4 shows a 200 grain soft point bullet, from the .35 Remington. It is the only one of four bullets fired into the head and neck of the finest moose specimen in my collection. We had been trailing the big fellow through an old burning one wet October afternoon, when he suddenly got to his feet and faced us less than forty feet away. The first two shots in the face each dropped him for an instant only, and as he turned to go, the bullet shown struck in the neck close to the head. It passed through the heavy neck muscles and the vertebra, lodging in the muscle sheaths next to the skin on the opposite side. The other bullets struck below the right eye, a little off center, glanced on the frontal bone of the skull, and passed out under the right ear. The tissue encountered by the bullet shown was about as dense as that found in any animal on this continent, yet no better example of mushrooming could be desired. The bullet held together perfectly and still weighs 200 grains.

Figure 5 illustrates another equally satisfactory performance of the same rifle and cartridge. It struck an exceptionally fine specimen of bull elk at over 300 yards, entered the body cavity through the second rib from the rear, on the right side, passed through both lungs and heart of the vital viscera, and out through the second rib from the front on the left side, the shoulder and its dense muscles, lodging between the outer sheath and the skin. A small piece of the lead actually pierced the skin and passed through. The greater portion of the bullet, though, remained intact as shown, although the jacket is split like it had been in a riveting machine. The elk collapsed without a struggle and was stone dead when he quit rolling down a steep slope of two hundred yards or more.

The twisted wire, pieces of jacket, and battered lead, denominated Figure 6, are the mangled remains of an original .256 Newton bullet that went to pieces in the densest part of the backbone of a large bull moose, at a point almost directly above the heart. It was a broadside, running shot at about 225 yards. Two previous shots had missed and the bull was putting space between us at an uncanny speed. The momentum of his heavy body, traveling at such a rate, carried him forward a rod or more, but he never took another step after the 129 grain



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mite found its mark. The vertebra struck was ground into powdered bone by the terrific vibrations of this little bullet and the effect of its going to pieces, which was equivalent to explosion. Of course, none of these modern bullets actually explode, but when the ultra high velocity type go to pieces in the manner here illustrated, the result is much the same as that produced by explosion. The resulting destruction is much greater to the neighboring tissue than the physical appearance of the injured structure indicates. This devitalization is even more pronounced if the bullet fragments enter friable tissue, such as intestines, lungs, liver, or other viscera, than where bone, muscle, or skin are encountered, Hence, the great danger of fatal wounds to game struck with the light, "explosive" type of high power bullets, even though the hunter may think he missed or did not seriously wound his quarry! If any bullet fails to pass through the animal it strikes, all the shock or energy of the missile must necessarily be absorbed by the body in which it lodges. The area reduced to pulp, or devitalized, is always greater where the bullet used is of the type that goes to pieces on impact, than with those that hold together. Likewise, the latent effects are certain to be more serious from the "explosive" type. That is the controlling reason why this department has advised against the use of anything lighter than the .256 Newton for big game.

However, there is danger in both extremes. The larger, old style bullets, used in cartridges developing 2,000 feet velocity or less, are more easily deflected by thick skin, heavy muscle sheaths, or bones. This is particularly true at the longer ranges where air resistance has reduced the striking power. The happy medium for American big game is a bullet weighing from 150 to 300 grains, speeded up to 2,200 to 3,000 feet per second. For this reason, the wide range of Springfield bullets, constructed to hold together at this speed, give us an ideal American rifle for all American big game, excepting, perhaps, Alaskan Brown Bear. These cartridges are highly developed and have plenty of shocking power to kill cleanly as far as they can be shot straight.

Figure 7 shows a 180 grain, flat base, open point Lubaloy Springfield bullet, after it passed entirely through the most heavily boned part of the shoulders of a moose weighing nearly a ton. On dissection, the larger portion was recovered in the thick skin on the opposite side from point of entrance. The small part of the jacket shown above the main part of the bullet, lodged in the large joint of the second shoulder, which was completely crushed. Three former shots at this animal with these cartridges all passed entirely through the body, the first two from rump to brisket, and the third high through both shoulder blades as the bull turned at bay. Certainly this is ample penetration! All the shots were fatal. The moose did not travel three rods during the firing. Figure 8 is a partial cross section of this bullet fired with a reduced powder charge into soft wood to show what takes place when resistance is encountered.

The illustrations here reproduced, and the performances narrated, prove conclusively that bullet construction and modern factory loaded cartridges for big game have passed the stage of guesswork and experiment. If the kind of animal to be hunted, and the approximate range at which it is likely to be fired at are known, a rifle cartridge can be obtained that, with good marksmanship, will give the desired result. It is generally admitted among riflemen, that the maximum effectiveness has been reached with the little bullets of 100 grains or less. Only when we get the most out of them are they at all satisfactory. On the other hand, the old type, low velocity, blunt nosed, heavy slugs are seldom developed in construction or propelled by sufficient powder charges to give them desired efficiency. However, they are good blood-letters, either kill quickly, or make wounds with small devitalized area from which recovery is more likely than latent death, and destroy little meat. The comparatively inaccurate Winchester .405 and the new Whelen .400 are about the only exceptions. The modern type of hunting bullets are of the pointed variety, with sufficient weight to carry an early fatal smash out where the game is. However, as bullet velocity is increased, the composition, construction, weight, and size must necessarily be altered. Pure lead or lead exposed soft pointed bullets cannot be speeded up much beyond 2,000 feet per second. Special protecting points, heat insulated jackets, and some sort of upsetting, expanding or mushrooming device is necessary.

Nearly all the large ammunition companies have adopted practical compensating devices, utilizing what is now known of the effects of bullets on game. Most of these are good. Some of the best types of modern bullets that realize the happy medium advocated by this department are herewith reproduced. The first five in the illustration are bullets for the Springfield '06 cartridge, adapted to the army rifle, the Remington Model 30, Winchester Model 1895 for that caliber, and other rifles. All may be had in regular loaded factory ammunition from any live sporting goods dealer. "A" is the Western open point Lubaloy of 180 grains; "B" is the U. M. C. 180 grain bronze point expanding; "C" is the 150 grain weight of the same manufacture; "D" is the U. S. hollow copper point weighing 150 grains; "E" is the 150 grain vacuum point Peters; and "F" is the 129 grain, copper jacket, protected point, Newton .256. All of these splendid bullets can be improved in accuracy, velocity, and execution by the boat-tail base construction. The Western may now be had only in the boat-tail, the flat base having been abandoned by that company in the manufacture of bullets of this caliber. The same ideal is approached in the design of each of these bullets, viz., reduced air resistance, increased speed, quick collapse of the point on impact with a complementary early upset, all to the end that they will mushroom easily without going to pieces, regardless of the resistance encountered.

The Western bullet is designed to mushroom back to the base of the open point construction on first encounter with substantial resistance, leaving the major portion of the bullet with a blunt nose that will upset at once thereafter, thus greatly increasing the destructive forces of the bullet by subsequent vibrations. Figures 7 and 8 are ample proof that this bullet will do exactly what it was designed and intended to do.

The Remington U. M. C. bullets are built upon the theory that the bronze point will shove back into the soft lead core with about the same resistance that causes the open point of the Western to mushroom or break off. The collapse of the bronze point into the lead has a double tendency to expand the jacket, and, at the same time, produce the desired upset.

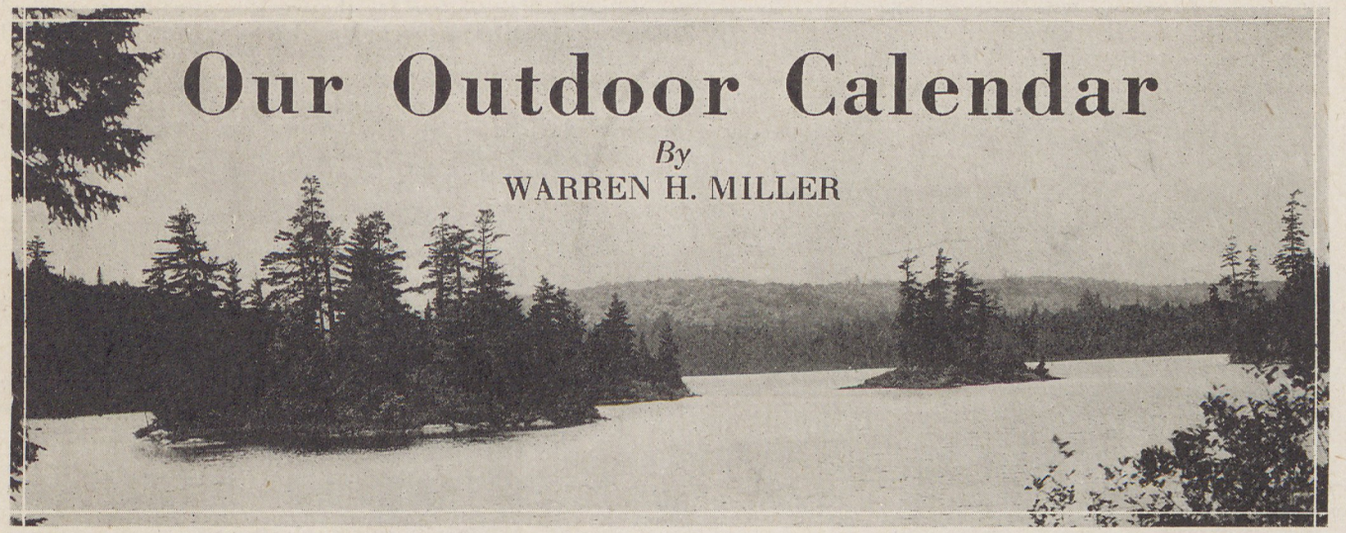
The action that takes place when the U. S. bullet strikes an animal is more like the case of the Western, for the reason that the point is of softer metal—almost as soft as the lead behind it. The sturdy jacket composition and shape causes this bullet to hold together well and give the best penetration of any of the 150 grain weight. It kills deer cleanly without the waste of meat.

The Peters bullet makes the prettiest picture of the lot, and embodies the theories of both the Western and U. M. C. products. However, the vacuum point makes the bullet light in front and allows more opportunity for a wabbling flight, which detracts from precision.

A wire center, such as that of the original Newton .256, is not calculated so much to collapse at the point, or mushroom, as to tear a hole that increases in diameter from the moment the wire point touches hair. The soft lead point, held in shape by the wire during flight, strips back on the slightest contact, leaving the exposed wire projecting from a copper shell full of hot lead. This construction is the deadliest of all so long as the bullet holds together. The point remaining immediately after penetration engages tissue, with a rapidly increasing capacity that is amazing, accentuated as it is by the vibrations complementary to a 3,000 feet per second velocity. The weakness of this bullet lies in its failure to hold together when rigid resistance is met; hence uncertain penetration.

(Continued on page 191)

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

November

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lure will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor

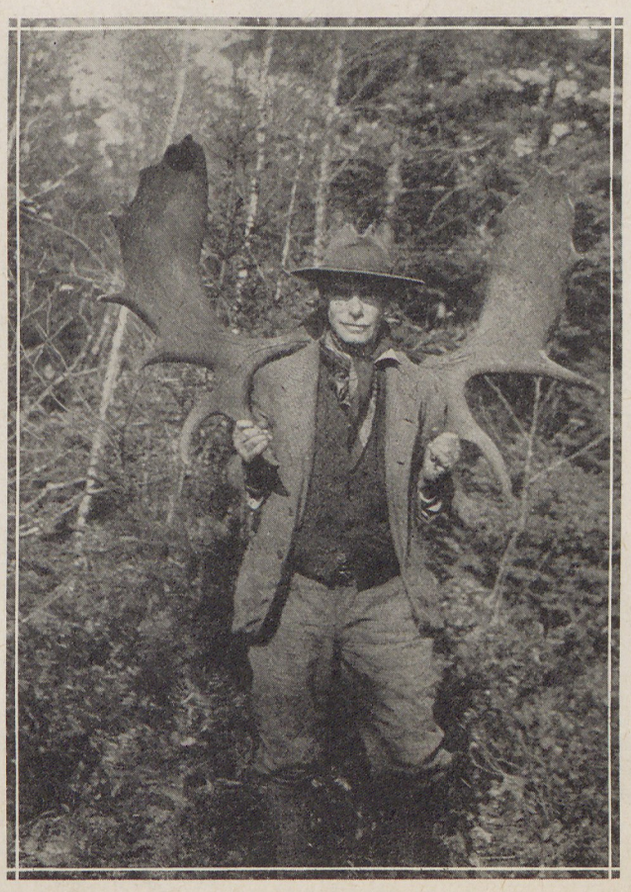
THE Crazy Moon was November's Indian name, those red children who knew the secrets of the wilderness better than we ever will. Their sign for it was the cupped thumb and forefinger signifying moon, and then circles described around the eyes with the right forefinger. Its significance referred to the great fact of Nature that in November all the wild creatures pass through a period of wildness and wanderlust, each wanting to be alone, all herd and flock law broken up for the time. Then it is that the ruffed grouse dusts lonely on the sunny hillside; the moose tracks the forest intolerant and alone, coming only at the call of the cow; the buck deer comes from his summer seclusion and roams the hills, full of fight and the pride of his new antlers. Migratory folk are winging southward at the sharp whisper of frost —ducks, geese, woodcock.

The sportsman finds it the cream of the year. The leaves are down, so that one can see to shoot. The woods are filled with pleasant scents. There are abundant nutfalls, as when one comes across a lone hickory. It is a time of full plenty and the harvest moon of the wilderness. To roam the hills in the keen air, shotgun or rifle cuddled under arm; to lie in the duck blind after a provident nor'easter has ripped up the bay and the red-heads are trading from point to point—this is the cream of life to the red-blooded man!

Indians and conservationists alike wisely chose November for the time of garnering the winter meat. Nature's balance requires that the lord of this year's herd, the cock grouse who has grown prideful and quarrelsome, should give way to younger stock. Man and the predatory animals see to it that during the Crazy Month the wandering and arrogant shall be stricken down. The range of hunting choice for the sportsman is so large as to be positively bewildering. To paraphrase Kipling's lines—

For one the lordly elk in the mighty mountain ranges,
And for one the bull moose calling in the bog,
And for one the winging mallard flying low o'er white-capped waters,
And for one the buck deer stamping on the hill.

You can go almost anywhere, all within inexpensive train ride from your city. I have always had good luck just picking out the nearest mountains and selecting a jumping-off place within hiking distance. Some to Maine, some to Minnesota; some into the Rockies, some to the blue hills of Pennsylvania. I pack my kit and go, sure that I will not be disappointed. As the nights are cold and the snow often flies, it is a matter for good bedding and light tentage. Four pounds for shelter and eight for bedding is ample, leaving twenty-eight for provisions, cook kit, small duffle and ammunition. Also a small tent stove weighing 2½ pounds, without which I would not go into the woods in snow time. My pack at the jumping-off place weighs forty-two pounds and does me for a week. It can be carried without fatigue anywhere. You jump off the train and take the road into the hills. A turn leads into a grass road, and that gives way to an old lumber trail coming down out of the hills. Up into the woods you climb, range after range, putting the miles between you and farm land. In two hours you are completely surrounded by timbered ridges and are gorgeously happy. This is your kingdom, for one blessed, care-free week! All you see is yours. A rabbit breaks cover under your very feet; a ruffed grouse



Ned Breck and his 1922 moose.

whirrs up from a near-by brier patch; you come across the pointed boots of a buck.

This deep valley will do. Please God there is a brook at the bottom of it! The dry leaves rustle deep under foot as you climb and slide down. Rocky cliffs, cedar-strewn, rise up and up opposite as you descend. A partridge drums off ahead of you, and presently you reach the bottom of it all, to find a small rivulet trickling down through great boulders and the opposite slope rising abruptly. No level place anywhere here to pitch the tent, nor any discoverable, after some considerable search. But that does not bother you any. You know that a level bed is essential, lest you slide downhill in your sleep and ram the camp stove, so you proceed to cut in two the trunk of a rooty tree lying prone in the valley and pick up said trunk and drag it to the chosen camp site. Laying it across the hill slope, you level up the small end with a couple of rocks and then go with the camp axe for poles. Half a dozen will do, and these are driven horizontally into the slope with their big ends lying on the tree trunk. The beginnings of a level bed become manifest. Crosswise on the poles you pile small brush, and on that spring mattress armfuls and armfuls of dry leaves. You sit and roll on them, pressing them down to a suitable bed. On that yours and your buddy's sleeping bags, and over it all the tent is set up, maybe only a small wedge tent, with withes under its ridge-rope to spread it out and give you more head-room. The edge of the bed gives both of you a place to sit and rest. Below is the camp stove, on a large flat rock, and buddy already has his mulligan pot in one of its holes and coffee brewing in the other, while white wood-smoke pours from its funnel. Your home for the week is already established. Orderly buddy is occupying his time stowing the grub sacks and cans in a sort of kitchenette effect, while you are cutting him billets of small wood for the stove, of chosen black-jack oak and yellow birch and red maple, dead saplings. Nightfall comes on apace, ending the short November day. The candle lantern is lit and swung from the ridge-rope overhead. The steak, bought for a first meat, is grilling in the fry pan, and buddy is now rising a nest of doughgods in the aluminum army baker which is none other than their mess tin closed by its folding handle and capsizable over the glowing heat coming up through a stove hole.

"Presently he began to hit quartering shots."

A four pound shelter for the November hunting camp.

Great Days with the Ducks.
The author and Otto Van Norden of the Campfire Club

Dinner! A rousing feed, after that six-mile hike; mulligan, steak, doughgods, coffee or tea, bully old tea, strong enough to bleach the hair off a dog; a fruit stew, of dried apples, apricots, prunes and raisins, these latter to contribute the sugar and save on the sugar bag. The stove is filled with billets and its lids put on and drafts closed, so that it can glow redly for hours, like a charcoal burner. "Dry pokes" come to light, out of which you and buddy draw night socks, night skull-caps for the head, warm flannel pajamas. We dress up in these things for the night, for they are good. The caterpillar-creep into the sleeping bag. Day underclothes drawn in and stowed in the cold spaces where they will help warm us and be warm themselves tomorrow when we come to put them on again. Hunting coat spread over the outside of the sleeping bag. Out with the candle lantern—good night!

Next morning dawn has broken and a keen northwest windy day is toward. Up and at 'em! Buddy has bacon and eggs going in the fry pan and his coffee pot is beginning to murmur. He is mixing a corn bread batter for the baker, while you, you feel as all-alive as ten thousand lions after that grand night's sleep! and forthwith go out and cut him some stove billets.

The decoys were anchored out.

We grab the guns

(Continued on page 188)

Dam Fishing

By THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-Pres. I. W. L. A.

"They take up ALL *of them with the angle." Habbakuk 1:15*

IF the spelling of the qualifying word in the caption were raised by the compositor to Nth power, it would more emphatically if not grammatically express my sentiments.

All during the dark ages of Fish Legislation and indifference to Fish Conservation in Illinois, there gleamed a single ray of light to give hope of better things to come. You might with hook and line lawfully kill Black Bass of any size, in any number, at any time, but **not anywhere.**

There was a single restriction in the calendar of wholesale slaughter:—

"Thou shalt not catch or take or kill any fish within one hundred feet of any dam crossing any stream.

If that were good law, good sense, and good sportsmanship in the Dark Ages, how did it come to pass that in the Renaissance of the long dormant Legislative Conscience, this keystone in the arch of Fish Conservation was rejected by the builders of the New Code?

Everyone who fishes for bass in the streams of Northern Illinois knows that such a law is of paramount importance.

In times of drought, when the streams are low, fish congregate in "holes" and in the deeper water below dams, where it is an easy matter for the merest duffer to keep on "taking the limit" so long as a hungry fish remains to take his bait.

Before the Code of 1919 went into effect, a game warden of my acquaintance took more than one hundred black bass in one day at the Henry Dam on the Illinois River and thought he was some fisherman, until the then mayor of Minonk took more than four hundred black bass in one day at the same place. Out of consideration for the families of these gentlemen, names are withheld.

Do not these instances show the pernicious possibilities of permitting "fishing at the dam?"

Let not the ambitious angler hie him to the Henry Dam in the expectation of finding bass innumerable at this once favored spot. To-day, owing to pollution by the Chicago Drainage Canal, there is not a single fish living in the stream at this place.

In years past, the deep water "within 100 feet of a dam" has been the fish's only haven of refuge and the sole place of temporary relief from a pursuit of extermination by day and by night throughout the entire summer. It is as if the Islands of Safety and the protecting policemen were removed from Chicago's crowded crossings and the panicky pedestrian delivered up to the tender mercy of the mobs of speed maniacs.

Illinois Chapters of the Izaak Walton League by a vote of seventeen to one (there are more than double that number of chapters now), declared against repealing the law prohibiting this dam fishing, but the wishes of the majority, although known to the formers of the new code, were ignored in favor of the wishes of a minority. A reason for repealing a law which stood for Conservation and substituting one which does not, is not apparent to me. I have never heard an argument advanced in favor of dam fishing that was not of itself a stronger argument against such fishing.

Some say: "now that one may legally take but ten bass a day what difference does it make **where** one takes them, at a dam or along the stream, above or below?"

The difference is in this:—in a normal stage of water bass are distributed along the entire course of the stream, wherever they find their food most abundant and easiest to get—shallows alternating with pools. In a dry summer when the stream grows thin, bass leave the shallows and pools and seek shelter in the deep holes occurring often just below a dam and where the food supply is scarce. Persistent fishing at dams and other deep "holes" under such conditions would practically depopulate that part of the stream. It is taking them at disadvantage under abnormal conditions. Why not leave the bass unmolested within what was formerly his zone of safety until returning normal conditions send him forth into the stream again, to give you a battle royal. It is then only that

You see a big splash
And a "battle flag" high,
As with blood in his eye
He hits with a smash
Your "bug" or your fly.

One bass so taken will obliterate the recollection of "the limit" taken at dam with bait or plug.

That denizen of the deep water, the clean-living fish with the moonstone eyes, with all his kith and kin, will, in time of drought, be found below the dam. The only limit upon this fine fish is the conscience of the Angler, who may load himself up or down with them until he gets the last one.

But for a provision suggested by Brother Amel of Aurora Chapter which, with other Walton recommendations, is embodied in the New Code, a meat-getter might now stand at the fish way of a dam and with bare hooks lashed to a pole or cord, snag or lacerate every fish trying to ascend the ladder. Fortunately that form of dam fishing is now relegated to the river where it belongs, the Styx.

In bygone times I too have fished the dams and taken **some fish,** but when a law was passed converting dams into fish preserves I turned from them without repining and sought and found my bass in the stream.

I believe the time will soon come when every lake and stream will have certain parts of its waters set apart as rest stations or sanitaria for our friends, the fishes, to which they may retire after each triumphant "get away" to allow their wounds to heal and where they may compare notes upon the latest pattern of bug, bait or feathered fraud, and how best to circumvent the ancient enemy, man.

Let us, at times, look upon our favorite sport through the eyes at the other end of the line—think less of fish and more of fishing.

A short history of this piece of legislation may be of interest. Two years ago an effort was made to have the fifty-second General Assembly pass a salutary Fish Bill. After an all-night wrangle in Committee, near the close of the session, the bill was relegated to the morgue. I am told that the disagreement was upon an amendment to repeal the law against fishing within 100 feet of a dam.

Early in the session of the fifty-third General Assembly, Senate Bill 58 was introduced to allow fishing "with rod and line within 100 feet of a dam." I looked upon this as a senatorial joke, something to please the boys at home without harming the fish—there being in the Bill no mention of a **hook.**

This Bill was referred to the Senate Committee on Fish and Game which refused to report it out.

By invitation, I was present at a meeting of the Subcommittee of the Senate Fish and Game Committee when this question was thoroughly discussed and voted down, the committee refusing to incorporate it in the Committee's new Senate Bill 468. The defeated Senator, a likable and pleasant gentleman, as mild a mannered man as ever fished at dam or cut up bait, remarked "Well, I must go back and tell the boys that I presented their plea, and it was turned down by the Committee, but" turning to me, he continued, "we part friends, do we not?" I replied, "We certainly do."

I thought we had seen the last of the dam fishing amendment, but the cat came back upon the floor of

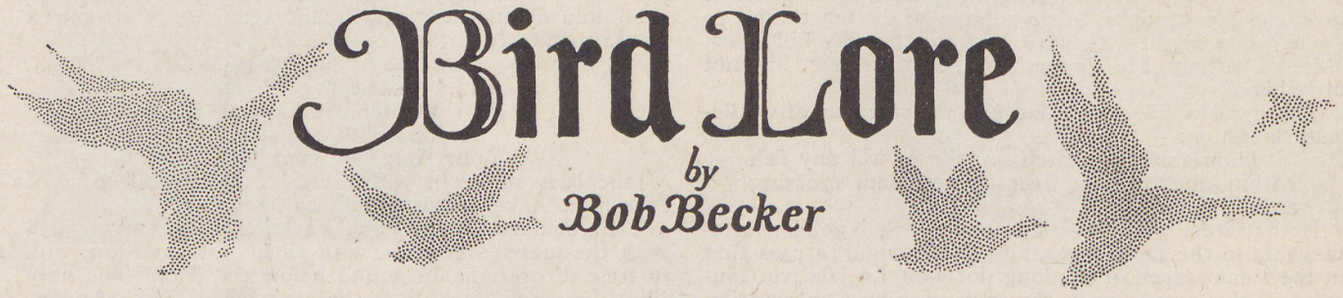
the Senate, when Bill 468 came to a vote, and was again killed!

Surely, that is the end of it, again I thought, but I reckoned without my host. With persistence worthy of a better cause, and a smiling disregard of defeat, my friend, the Senator, went to the House Committee on Fish and Game then engaged in recodifying the Fish Laws, and by one of those little legislative "trades" peculiar to the capital city, succeeded in having the dam amendment incorporated in the new code, House Bill 795!!

When the new Fish Code came before the Senate, that body for the fourth time killed the section allowing fishing at the dam! You think the cat is dead at last? Not on your life. Our Senator, like another Anteus, arises from each defeat with renewed strength that compels our admiration. The New Code with sundry Senate amendments was referred to a joint Committee of the House and Senate. This Committee consisted of nine members, two being from the home district of the sole and only Chapter voting for fishing at the dam! The Senate amendment was killed, and the right to fish at dams with hook and line became a law in Illinois.

Hats off to the Senator from Moline! He is no

(Continued on page 183)



Shaking Hands With the Birds

By W. L. SKINNER

Here is an article about getting acquainted with birds that no bird lover can afford to miss. Mr. Skinner is a brother of Otis Skinner, the famous actor, and he surely knows birds and how to make friends with them. Among his Indian friends, the Ojibways, he is known as "Ba-ko-ne-gad." Just what that means we can't say, but we hazard a guess that it must mean, "friend of the birds." BOB BECKER

TO have a free wild bird fly from the top of the tallest tree in response to a whistle directly into an outstretched hand for the food held there; to have a purple-finch become so tame within a few days as to allow wings and feathers to be lifted with the finger displaying the beautiful old rose coloring of the plumage while the bird fed. To have both hands so full of red-poll linnets and have them squabbling amongst themselves for a chance at standing room within 48 hours after their discovery. To have 7 different species of native birds feed in this way from the hand has been the privilege of the writer. In making this statement there is no claim made as to having accomplished anything unique, for you, anyone, may do the same thing. Provided. Provided you like birds. Only in this case like is spelled l-o-v-e. And just what your feelings may be when for the first time you feel their soft feathers and warm little bodies as they feed in your hand absolutely without fear I leave for you to analyze.

Someone has said that plants won't grow for people who do not love them. This is undoubtedly true and if as in this case, plants do not respond, it is absolutely sure that birds will not unless given the encouragement necessary. The peculiar feature about wild birds is that they become far more tame than any caged bird, though some kinds are naturally sociable to a certain extent, as the chickadee, for instance. Take advantage of this trait in the chickadee, cultivate his acquaintance and allow him to introduce you to other species.

Winter is the best time to make friends among the birds because at this time food is difficult for them to obtain and they come readily to a good station when once it is established. To introduce yourself to the chickadee suspend two or three pieces of beef suet from a convenient tree and when they have discovered them and are coming frequently go out in their vicinity, walk slowly about, but do not watch them or even look at them. Let them do the watching and looking until they get used to you and are satisfied that you have no designs on them.

Next try walking on a course that will take you within a dozen feet of a feeding bird. Walk slowly but do not stop opposite the bird or even glance at him, but keep right on as though he were the least noticeable thing in the landscape. The chances are that he will not fly. After a few trials this way, walk close to the suet and raise your hand deliberately to it. If the bird is there he may stay, if not, another may come while you remain holding the suet, but in either case do not look at the bird. Now get a large piece of suet larger than your hand, hold it up near the others, and remain quietly and you will in all probability be rewarded by having one or more birds feed upon it. This much should be accomplished the first day. On following days when you go into the yard with suet in each hand the

Last Call for the Bird Photo Contest

Amateur photographers who wish to enter their bird pictures in competition for a

$125 Camera

have just one more month to get under the wire. Contest closes in December.

No entry fee and any amateur may submit three photographs.

This month,s enteries on page 181

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

chickadees will come readily for the food and now for the first time you may begin to look at them and enjoy their company.

Adopt some peculiar whistle every time you go among the birds and they will soon associate that note with the idea of food and will come trooping in from the woods several hundred yards away, having some sort of a conversation among themselves as they gather about. Upon hearing the whistle, their remarks (could they be translated into English) would probably be something like—"Come on, fellers, Grub! Eats! Let's Go!" Beef suet, butternut, millet and hemp seed gives a range in diet that will bring both seed eaters and insect eaters to your feeding station. Owing to the gluttonous habits of the blue-jays, it is well to suspend the suet by a string several feet in length, otherwise they will carry off and hide the whole of it in a short time.

A Friendly Chickadee

You are now on such terms with the chickadees that they will accept food (especially butternut) from your hands, hat, shoulders, or even your teeth if you wish. Always move slowly among them. Never make any sudden motion or allow disturbing noises that may frighten them.

As birds of other species gather, some of them may follow the example of the chickadees and fly into the hands for food. The purple finch mentioned did this. In regard to the red-poll linnets, I discovered a flock of them one day feeding upon the seeds of a patch of pigweed sticking up through the snow in an adjoining field. Going to this patch I laid a trail of millet seed from that point directly into my own yard where a large quantity of the seed was scattered. The red-polls were not long in discovering this trail and they ate their way and the trail too into the yard and here the food was constantly supplied so they adopted that as their feeding ground.

There was noisy chatter at my bed room window sill every morning at daylight for the rest of the winter. After they discovered the millet on the window sill I opened the window a few inches, drew down the curtain and placed both hands filled with millet out through the narrow opening.

The birds soon came and I watched them through a cranny of the curtain. They acted exactly like startled chickens that had discovered some fearsome doodle bug or other monstrosity. They braced backward on their legs uttering meanwhile little notes of alarm. Finally one reached gingerly forward and snatched a seed and the others followed suit. Presently both hands were full of the birds. That was their first lesson. Next the curtain and finally the window was raised. Then it was an easy matter to go into the door yard with millet in hand when they soon accepted me.

In 48 hours after discovering these small, shy winter birds they had lost every particle of fear of me and would scold among themselves for a chance at the millet held out to them in my hands. For the safety of the birds, window feeding is not advisable, for they not only fly in and at an open window, but they fly in the open windows of other houses and in trying to make their way out they are apt to dash themselves against the glass of a closed window. For this reason it is better not to allow them to enter the house or get them into the habit of feeding at the window sills.

It is well to use judgment in taming birds, for it may add an element of danger to them, for they will readily accept food from anyone. A man walking on a railroad track a mile from my home made several passes at a chickadee that attempted to light on the pipe he was smoking, the chickadee thinking that the man held something good to eat in his teeth, and the man thinking he was about to have his eyes picked out by some freak bird.

The birds of this continent are slowly passing away and we must give them all possible protection. The wild pigeons that once darkened the sky and were hours in passing a given point are extinct. Not a single specimen now remains. Among all the destructive agencies at the present time, the house cat heads the list. Mr. Foxbush, State Ornithologist for Massachusetts, estimates that the average house cat will destroy 50 birds in a year. So if we attract birds about our homes, we must see that they are protected from this danger. Attracting birds about a place infested with cats is bird destruction, not bird protection.

Editor's Note: Dr. Henry van Dyke only a few days ago told me of an excellent plan in this regard, which is to attach a bell or two to the cats' necks. This warns the birds and according to Dr. van Dyke is a highly satisfactory solution of this problem.

So much has been written about bird houses that there is little to add. One point, however, seems to be overlooked and that is that after a season or two the house may remain tenantless. This is owing to the fact that such houses have become so filled with old nesting material that the birds refuse it. Have the pole holding the bird house fastened by two bolts to a stout post set in the ground. Have the bolts about three feet apart. In the late fall one of these bolts can be removed, the pole swung down and all the old nesting material removed. For blue-birds have the opening a circle just one and one-half inches in diameter and fasten no perches on the house anywhere, as this furnishes a vantage point for the house sparrow and starling. A house of weather beaten boards is very acceptable because it resembles dead trees in which blue-birds, tree swallows, etc., build and because it has no odor. Houses made of new wood or newly painted will not be occupied. If an elaborate house is planned let it be painted in the winter so that when spring comes all odor of paint will have vanished. To have a house taken immediate possession of and have the cheerful notes of blue-bird or tree swallow about your premises all summer, gives a companionship of rare charm and beauty and in return it is up to you to give them all possible protection from the various dangers that beset bird life.

To get an idea of the numbers of birds that were here years ago we have but to turn the pages of Audubon's works and note the immense numbers in the various bird colonies he describes. He gives such an intimate and personal touch to his writings that we not only learn interesting phases of bird life but we get an insight into the life of Audubon himself. There is one note that rings clear and distinct at intervals throughout and rings true. He looks beyond the beauty of song and plumage to the cause. Wherever we find a sincere student of Nature we find this devout, religious trend in the makeup of his being. The Indians have it also, and frequently gave names to places that associated them in some way with The Great Spirit. Audubon speaks too of the Indians placing poles about their camps with gourds fastened to them for martins to nest in. Here we no doubt can trace the first martin houses in this country.

I have paddled in the bark canoe with an Ojibway while he sang in his native tongue the song of Gar-cosca-na-gee (Whitethroat). So birds have figured in the legend, art and literature of all ages and races and as we lift up our eyes to them so too is thought uplifted.

Get five of your friends to subscribe—$1.00 a year

Two Million Women in Defense of the

THE official endorsement of the League's plan of a National Preserve of the 300 miles of river land between Lake Pepin, Minnesota, and Rock Island, Illinois, by the General Federation of Women's Clubs is a stupendous step ahead towards the completion of this project.

Nothing of greater import to the growth and influence of the League has occu red since its creation than the support of this great body of our finest type of American womanhood. It is right for this League to gain the backing of the women of America as in every way the League is clean and principled.

Speaking of this same body of women and their activities, Emerson Hough, great conservationist and writer, said, "The Bursum Bill—a notorious and unjust backing of the white man against the Indian—was pushed by the power of the entire administration. It went through the Senate. It was backed by the Indian Department and by the Secretary of the Interior. What kept it from passing the House and being signed by the President? An interesting question. It was the women of America, that is to say, the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Two million women went into politics. They accomplished things."

The slogan of this huge organization of women is "the promotion of all movements looking towards the betterment of life." What surer betterment of life can there be than that exemplified in the preserving for all time of our priceless American outdoor heritage!

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

ne League's Proposed National Preserve

Following is a letter from Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Chairman of the Conservation Natural Resources of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to the president of the League and also to Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

A GROUP OF ORGANIZED WOMEN IN EVERY COMMUNITY WHO CAN BE DEPENDED UPON TO PROMOTE ALL MOVEMENTS LOOKING TOWARD THE BETTERMENT OF LIFE

General Federation of Women's Clubs

1922-1924

CONSERVATION NATURAL RESOURCES
MRS. FRANCIS E. WHITLEY, CHAIRMAN
WEBSTER CITY, IOWA

PRESIDENT, MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER
2617 DEAN BOULEVARD
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

MR. WILL H. DILG,
President Izaak Walton League of America.

Ever since I heard of the proposal to drain the Winneshiek Bottoms, and especially since I realized that the plan is opposed by scientific experts, government officials as well as by nature-lovers and sportsmen, I have wanted to help, in some way, to put a stop to a project so fraught with evil consequences.

Now that I have the endorsement of the general Federation officials, I am glad to do my utmost to enlist in this campaign the splendid forces of the women of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

I am enclosing a copy of the letter which will be sent to each official, to every state President and State Conservation Chairman.

Yours sincerely,
Cora C. Whitley,

MRS. THOMAS G. WINTER, *President General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

DEAR Madame Pres.: More than once the Conservation Division has, with the approval of the General Federation Executives, asked your co-operation in protecting our National Parks from invasion by great interests which mean their swift deterioration if nothing more; you know the success which has crowned our efforts. Today I am appealing to you to help in preserving from absolute destruction the lowlands along the upper reaches of the Mississippi, the famous Winneshiek Bottoms, which it is proposed to drain, upon the theory that more corn land may thereby be added to the already abundant acreage of this section.

Have you visited this region of gleaming bayous, encircled with drooping vines and trees, of gentle little streams that find their way to the great river, of sheets of lotus bloom and waving swamp grasses? Then you know that we would be justified in asking that this should be left unspoiled for its beauty alone. But do you know that this is one of the best feeding-places for water-fowl, the most prolific spawning grounds for black bass and other food and game fish in the country? No wonder that the representatives of the United States Bureau of Fisheries who know how millions of baby fish are sent from here to stock the lakes and rivers of the country are strongly protesting against the drainage of waters so valuable to the food resources of the people. It seems clear that as the Outlook of Sept. 5th says: "It is not conservation when it attempts to make poor farms out of good fishing and hunting territory. The whole nation as well as the middle west ought to make itself heard on this question."

Mrs. Francis E. Whitley.

But a menace even more serious than the losses mentioned lies in the fact that the plans already made embrace, we are told, not only the Winneshiek Bottoms, the entering wedge, but include extensive drainage which will, if carried out, eventually turn the river from St. Paul to Rock Island, Ill., into a great drainage ditch.

What will that mean to the southern states which already suffer such loss of life and property from the floods, especially since the forests that used to hold and regulate the water-flow have been so largely cut away from the upper reaches of the river, and the catch basins and low-lying lands that served as reservoirs have been removed by drainage?

At our Biennial Convention at Chautauqua, the following resolution was adopted by the General Federation:

Whereas the recent devastating floods in the Mississippi Valley have deepened our conviction of the importance of a comprehensive development of waterways in accordance with the policy of the Federation; therefore—

(Continued on Page 177)

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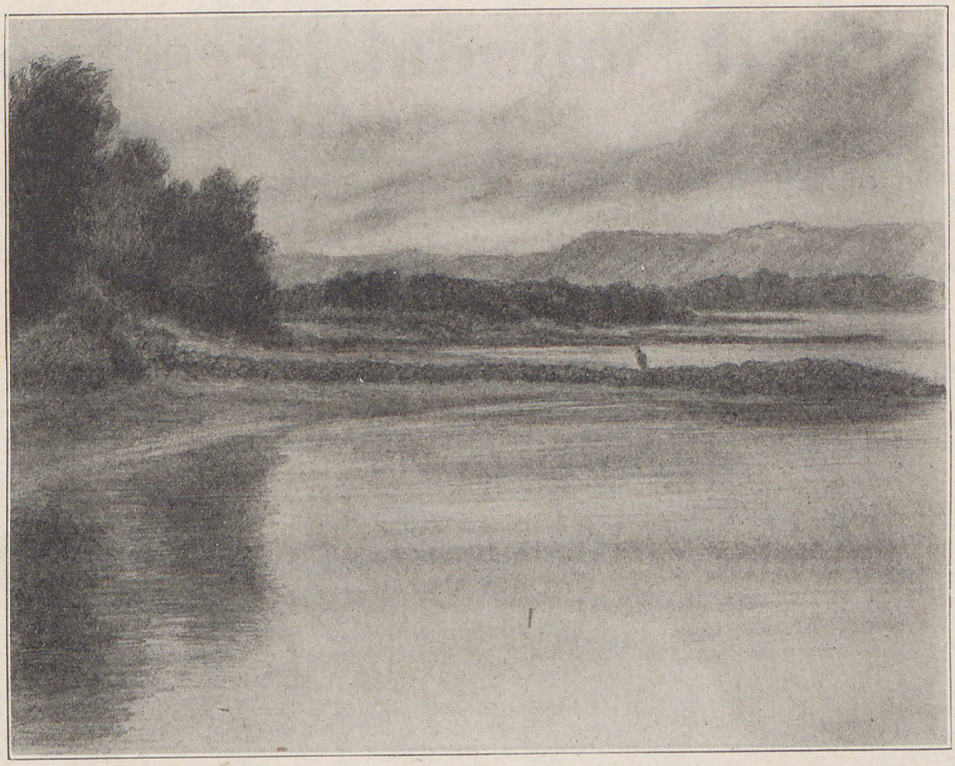


A National Preserve Along the Great Upper River Is Worth a Fight

Charcoal drawings from Nature

By EARL H. REED

Along the Upper Mississippi—Sketch from nature by Earl H. Reed.

This letter from Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois gained for Mr. Dilg a forty-minute interview with President Coolidge, during which the President expressed himself as being in sympathy with the movement of the League to protect the Mississippi river lands from drainage and stated he might be quoted as favoring any legislation the Izaak Walton League wants in its plan to make a National Preserve of the 300 miles of bottom lands along the river from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois.

Chicago, Illinois, September 14, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

This will present and most cordially commend to you my old friend Will H. Dilg, founder and President of the Izaak Walton League.

The drainage of the bottom lands of the upper Mississippi, to which he wishes to call your instant and interested attention, is a matter which cannot wait. I know that an Act of Congress will be necessary to do what ought to be done, but in the meantime your influence ought to be invoked to conserve the timbered bottoms which are now being spoiled. I am sure that a public appeal will induce the owners to desist from cutting the timber and draining the land **until those of us who wish to conserve it can secure the necessary legislation by Congress.** These bottom lands constitute all that is left of the wilds of the upper Mississippi, and if they be destroyed by the cutting of the forests, and the drainage of the land, wild life in the upper Mississippi will vanish forever.

Sincerely yours,
MEDILL McCORMICK.

General Assembly of the State of Indiana
Senate Chamber, Indianapolis
Knox, Ind., Oct. 12th, '23.

PRESIDENT IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE:

I have just written our President Calvin Coolidge and entered my protest against any further drainage operations along the Upper Mississippi. I spent almost a month in Northern Wisconsin this August and after viewing what the lumber wrecking crews left of the forests, I would not care to return and look over the remains after the dredges have finished murdering the landscape.

We are now spending thousands to bring the waters back to Northern Indiana that a few years ago we spent thousands to drain away.

The lakes around LaPorte have become mud holes, a menace to health and often dumping grounds for rubbish. The cottages and resorts around them were becoming valueless, all due to the unwise drainage ditches, the deepening and widening of our rivers. Wells were drying up, lands becoming unfertile and the thousands of other misfortunes, that come to a waterless plain, were beginning to show their teeth. Lawyers, dredgemen and land speculators are responsible. Many a farmer here has paid out more than his land is worth for drainage and still his land won't produce.

We are putting up a fight to get some 2,000 acres along the Kankakee set aside for a game preserve. This is ideal ground for this purpose; low, swampy, and includes the old meander bed of the Kankakee River.

The LaPorte and Michigan City Chapters of the Izaak Walton League are behind this to a man. It is hard work, the general public does not understand, and the politicians don't want to understand. We have the support of the Indianapolis News and Star. Pictures have just been taken and one of the best feature writers in Indiana, Billy Blodgett, for the News, is writing it up.

I don't want to see this proposition fall down. I had a bill in the last legislature which passed, providing for all the needed legal steps and for the department of conservation to take it over as a game preserve.

Along the Kankakee, here in Northern Indiana, is about all that's left of primitive life in this half of the state. It is in a way the "Last Stand" of the wilderness and ought to be preserved.

Very truly yours,
CLAUDE S. STEELE.

Democratic National Committee
Oct. 11, 1923.

PRESIDENT IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE:

I thank you for your letter of the 9th instant, with enclosures regarding upper Mississippi region. I am reading the same with keen and sympathetic interest and shall do the best possible relative to the proposals. I would say that if you could get in touch with Honorable Henry T. Rainey, Congressman from your State, he could be of great help in the House.

Very sincerely,
CORDELL HULL, Chairman.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Trempeleau Drainage Failure

By ROBERT S. COWIE

I AM sure that a complete history of the Trempeleau drainage project would be a valuable object lesson for all who are willing to sleep while this "rape of nature" goes on. This district comprises something like 9,000 acres of Mississippi bottom lands on the Wisconsin side between the village of Trempealeau on the south to the village of Fountain City on the north or thereabouts. Up to the year 1912 this land was almost unexplored except for the hunter and fisherman who had the courage to invade it. It was alive with fur bearing animals and the mallard and the teal nested in the spring and remained there the whole summer long. It had countless land locked sloughs alive with bass and pickerel. The writer fished and hunted there for nearly 25 years and knows that nature never furnished a better haven of refuge for fish and game in all the world. Then came this drainage project, not fostered by local owners of land, but by speculators who bought the cheap bottom lands for practically nothing because the owners of it knew it was and always would be worthless for agricultural purposes, and I assume that the speculators thought that the establishment of a drainage district and the promise of dry land there would enable them to shift the land promptly and profitably. They included all the land that they could not purchase at their own figures but which would be in any way affected by the drainage project in the district and had an assessment of "expected benefits" levied on many persons who owned lands both within and without the district. I mean by this that many farmers owned eighty or a hundred acres of land perhaps a half of which was bottom lands and balance high, good land. The bulk of these land owners now assert that after years of taxation and attempted drainage THE LAND HAS A MARKET VALUE OF LESS THAN IT HAD BEFORE THE VENTURE BEGAN. The assessed value of the improvements has proven more than the market value of the land itself. Now they are petitioning the court for an order granting them (the promoters, otherwise known as the Trempealeau Drainage District) the right to assess an additional 25 per cent of the original assessment.

(Continued on page 178.)

The Waters of the Winneshiek

By MAC KINLAY KANTNOR

Have you heard the waters of the Winneshiek singing?
Have you heard the song that rises out of all the rippling ponds?

Some say that there are white men who in their souls have felt the answering urge to the wild heron's cry.
We do not know.
All we believe is what we see. . . . .
The cardinal flower blazing through the dusky gloom beneath the trees;
The warbler swinging on high twigs of the tall elm;
The black bass curving his shining sides in the mirror of the pool;
The wet grasses blowing far, along by the damp meadows.

Some say that men who live in cities come up the Winneshiek and worship God in their own way.
We do not know.
All we can believe is what we feel. . . . .
The pale bison and the smokey deer and the light-colored bear, none of which you can see, passing through the bottom lands before the sun comes;
The cool men, who have lived in the sky these many years, leaving the stars, to come down and dance about their flameless fires after the moon is gone;
And shapes we cannot even name, running in the grass and on the water.

We are the ghosts of the Winneshiek.
Ai! the bison are gone—
And the deer and the bear.
And the lodge fires are cold
While the sun is still calm. . . . .
Ai! and all we hear is the waters of the Winneshiek, with their song dying.

Evil spirits came to us in a dream.
It cannot be true.
But there was no crying of the herons. . . . .
The lotus was broken, and the seeds scattered, and gone;
There was only yellow scum beneath which no fishes swam;
And the trees had been taken away, and the birds had flown;
The grass did not whisper and laugh and sob, and touch one lightly on the heart—

And the waters of the Winneshiek did not sing.

Along the Upper Mississippi—Sketch from nature by Earl H. Reed.

Get five of your friends to subscribe—$1.00 a year

Help Save a Little River

What can justify the destruction of such God-made beauty?

By MARGUERITE IVES

THE famous Tippecanoe is one of the loveliest little rivers in Indiana, a natural home for small mouth black bass and one of the very few streams in the country which have not been polluted by factories, etc. The beauty and the sport of this river should be preserved for future generations. A great deal of the natural beauty of that section of the country has been destroyed and now it is proposed to make a ditch of the river which is the only thing that has been left in anything like its original state. This unfortunate proposal is for the dredging and straightening of the Tippecanoe river in Marshall and Kosciusko counties.

The proposed dredging is to start in Kosciusko county on the east, takes all the river in Marshall county and extends into Fulton county on the south, covering over 30 miles of river. The land which was once the old mill pond is not swamp land, as you may know from the fact that trees are growing on it. It is from 3 to 6 feet above the surface of the river at its normal stage and is overflowed only at high water.

All the ponds, swamps and low places for miles on both sides of the river have been ditched and tile drained to empty into the river so that when it rains the water of the whole Tippecanoe valley rushes into the river with such speed that there must of necessity be an overflow. The river is not large enough to take care of the floods which come into it. Consequently, the land will continue to be flooded during high water periods even though the ditching is done.

To lower the bed of the river sufficiently to prevent the overflow of this lowland in high water stages, it would be necessary to make it so deep that the water level of all the surrounding country would be materially lowered. This would work great damage to the high land.

The tax to pay for this ditching is spread so as to cover every parcel of land from which the water empties into the Tippecanoe river along the part being dredged. This taxes land in some cases 5 or 6 miles away from the river to which the dredging would be an actual damage instead of an improvement.

The ditching which has been done to the river has not been a success as anyone can see by looking over the ditch north of Warsaw. The land overflows in high water and miles of the old river bed which was once a beautiful, clear running stream is now a stagnant, slimy green pool, a breeding place for mosquitoes and a menace to the health of the country around it.

Mr. James H. Matchett, of Bourbon, Ind., prime mover and instigator of the project, recently wrote, "Fallen trees, and floating logs, piled one on another, make it necessary, in low water, to lift a boat over the drifts; also at Talma and Tippecanoetown still remain the foundations of the old mill site dams, of which the top courses of stone have toppled into the stream, all holding back the current. The surplus water, mud and drift from 300 square miles of farm lands flow into this obstructed channel in many places to spread over the adjoining fields and pastures."

The "old dam site" at Tippecanoetown named by Mr. Matchett can easily be navigated in boats both going down stream and up stream even in the very lowest stages of the water and at high water there is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water to mark the old dam which shows that it is not an obstruction to the flow of water, sufficient to cause any overflowing.

One of our readers who lived many years on the banks of the Tippecanoe and who has been going there many times each year for several years to camp and fish on the river writes us—"I know each bend and drift and hole for twenty-five miles or more on the Tippecanoe in Marshall and Kosciusko counties as well as I know the street corners in the loop. I have been the full length of the river.

"The river is not large enough to take care of the floods which come into it. Consequently, the land will continue to be flooded during high water periods even though the ditching is done."

Earl H. Reed, world famous etcher and outdoor writer, who was born in Marshall County, and feels deeply the sacrilege involved in the useless destruction of the Tippecanoe, wrote in an appeal to the Indiana public, "The beautiful Tippecanoe river with its wondrous historical associations, its legends, its romance and its countless memories is to be sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon and converted into a drainage ditch if you will permit it. It is your river, people of Indiana, and a blessed heritage to your children, and its proposed conversion into a ditch is a public offense and those who propose it are public enemies. The Pottowattomies would have known better than to allow anybody to do it."

Dr. Harry Oberholser of the United States Biological Survey at a recent dinner of the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League gave some very alarming facts of the results of the cutting off of forests, the draining of marshes and the dredging and straightening of streams that has been all-too-prevalent in recent years. These projects have already lowered the water level of the country an average of ten feet, which means that to get a good well a farmer must now go ten feet deeper than he did 75 years ago, and that if this is carried on at the present rate it will be only a question of years before there can be nothing raised in the Mississippi valley without irrigation. Dr. Oberholser said that these were facts arrived at after years of study and research work done by scientific men.

It must be remembered that this draining of the Tippecanoe is of interest not only to those living near the part of the river that is threatened, in Marshall and Kosciusko counties, but certainly to every dweller in Indiana and even to every lover of little rivers throughout our whole country.

It is not enough to deplore this desecration of beauty and waste of the people's money, but all must DO something. Each one can help by writing to the Governor of Indiana and the senators, congressmen and representatives, protesting against this useless and wasteful dredging project.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Let's Make Our Dreams Come True

By THE EDITOR

I DO not believe a sportsman has ever been born who does not like our magazine and now that we have colored covers the magazine is simply irresistible. For forty years I have been a close student of outdoor literature and never has such a magazine as our November issue come from the press during these forty years.

I hope you will approve of the change of title to "Outdoor America." We had to do this to make the magazine sell on the news stands.

and your common sense must tell you that the magazine we are producing costs the League almost double its price of one dollar a year. Therefore, our only hope of breaking even is to have so big a circulation that we can command advertising.

I know, my brother, if you and I could sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk that you would feel an overpowering urge to go out and do your utmost to help this cause progress and there is no better way to help the magazine than by getting your friends to subscribe.

Please ask yourself, my brother, this question: "What do I owe Outdoor America?" The chances are that you, just like myself, owe it more than you can pay.

As I write, something tells me that you are going to do your bit. Won't you write me and promise five subscribers? Any man can conscientiously ask a sportsman to subscribe for our magazine because at one dollar per year you are doing every man you ask a great favor, and my word for it later on they will thank you.

Finally, my brother, please do not forget that this magazine has no stockholders and that no man can in any way derive a single penny of profit from "Outdoor America." Please remember that should our magazine make a profit every penny will go to help us win our fight and, by the way, my brother, this fight is your fight as much as it is our fight. If we all pull together we can make our dreams come true, and once again have the good sport of our ancestors. May I not hope to hear from you personally?

CONGRATULATIONS on the superb cover in which Outdoor America made its first public appearance. Such a magazine makes a splendid and most excellent vehicle for the I. W. L. A. Who could help picking it out of the lot from the magazine rack at the neighborhood druggist's?

Sincerely,
JOSEPH HECHT,
Charles City, Iowa.

I READ every number of the magazine from cover to cover and can say that it is the best, cleanest, fairest and most interesting outdoor publication in America, and every person who loves to live, breathe and enjoy the sunshine should be a subscriber.

W. L. EICHENDORF,
McGregor, Iowa

IN renewing my subscription I want to state that this is the best investment any sportsman angler can make, and the dollar spent for a year's subscription and a dollar for membership in the League is the surest lure any fisherman can secure; for it is a lure which will assure him of securing fish in the future.

Yours 100%,
ART KADE,
Sheboygan, Wis.

SOMETHING awful has just happened! Going over my desk I found the notice of my subscription having expired and it has not been *attended to!*

Enclosed is check for year's subscription to Outdoor America. I am *with* you in all that implies.

Yours most flustratedly!
DAVID B. TOWER,
Detroit, Michigan.

If each of our readers will send us five subscriptions we shall soon reach our goal. Will you help?

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago

Date.....

Enclosed please find $1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to Outdoor America.

Name.....

Address.....

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing this coupon.

Watch this page for important announcement next month.

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greatest understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

The Salvation Of Dan

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

"IT'S the most unusual story of its kind I have ever run across," said Uncle John—an old hunting friend of mine, the other day after we had talked of the hunts we had taken together in the past and discussed where we would go for our partridge and woodcock shooting this fall.

"I never told you about it, because it wasn't fair to the other fellow. But he died last week, and I'd like to tell you the story—seems as if I was justified in what I did from the way it turned out." And my friend of many years looked at me with his old face troubled by the picture that his mind visioned.

For a moment he stroked his pointer, Bob, who had come up to rest his fine head on his master's knee, looking into his face with loving, wistful tenderness, his tail gently wagging.

Uncle John began abruptly: "You remember Dan—of course?"

I nodded assent.

"Ever know him as a young man?"

"No, Uncle John," I replied, "I met him with you for the first time up back of Conway, New Hampshire, on one of our partridge hunts, about ten years ago."

"What did you think of him," he asked—"I mean as a sportsman and handler of dogs?" he added.

I paused for a moment to recall him—I had met and hunted with him but two or three times.

"Why, Uncle John," I finally replied, "I recall him but poorly, but I do remember that he handled his dog, which was an Irish setter, with an amount of patience and kindness that drew forth my own keen admiration."

A smile of delight and gratification appeared on his face for a moment and he resumed his story:

"So much the better—you'll understand what I've got on my conscience."

"Dan, when I first knew him was a young man in his twenties. He was the most headstrong cuss that ever lived, impetuous and lovable. He acted first, and sometimes thought afterwards! Had a cruel temper, and didn't know to master it. He was passionately fond of hunting, but always had trouble with his dogs. Couldn't control himself and, of course, couldn't make his dogs obey him.

"We always managed to get off for a few days hunting each fall, and after each trip I'd vow I'd never go again.

"He'd set me almost crazy with the way he'd kick and punish his dogs when they disobeyed him—and he was to blame—his dogs were of the finest stock and only needed kindness and patient correction.

"Well, sir, the climax came one afternoon, up in the Berkshires, back of Watertown, Connecticut. His dog, Prince, got on the trail of a wise old partridge, drew up to a point, broke it and started on.

"Dan whistled and called, but Prince quartered head up, mindful only of the warm scent of the running bird.

"Dan, losing control of himself, yelled to his dog, and then, throwing his gun to his shoulder, deliberately shot him, hitting him in the head. Prince looked up, in a dazed way, ran around in a circle and dropped, whining in piteous fashion, kicked several times, and was dead.

"I had been a silent witness of the awful exhibition of brutal anger, but suddenly found myself growing hot and cold with the righteous rage within me.

"'Dan,' I said: 'I am going to teach you the lesson of your young life—dogs are not to be treated in that way in my presence. Put down your gun.' He looked at me questioningly, and hesitated.

"'Put down your gun,' I repeated, and he obeyed wonderingly, and leaned it against a tree. I did the same with my own gun.

"'Now put up your fists—I'm going to lick you to save you from your miserable, wretched self, and save the lovable boy, man and sportsman in you.'

"We faced each other—I feinted for his chin, blocked his right and doubling back, swung for that deadly spot just below his ribs above the stomach. He crumpled up and fell. I waited until he got up and caught him behind the ear—again he went down, and I waited. Staggering to his feet, he swung wildly at me, and I landed a short forearm punch on the point of his chin and he went down and out.

"There was a brook near by, and I went to it, filled my hat with water and dashed it over him. He finally opened his eyes and focussed them with difficulty upon me as I bent over him.

"They held, at first, only the reckless, bold, daring courage and cruelty of his old nature, and then I saw an expression of dazed bewilderment come over them. His face reddened with the shame and humiliation of the beaten man. He struggled to his feet, gazed about him and through swollen lips asked: 'Where's Prince?' I pointed to the dog lying dead out in the open ahead of us.

"He walked uncertainly to him and with the impulse of the finer man within him, that I loved so well, dropped on his knees and gathered the lifeless body of his dog in his arms and carried it to the automobile out on the road nearby. I followed without a word, and he drove the hundred miles back to our homes without conversation.

"A month later he called me up and said:

"'Uncle John, are you going to be busy this afternoon?' Without hesitation, I replied, (although I was) 'No! What can I do for you?'

"'I want to take you in my car and show you something.'

"'All right,' I said. 'Ready when you are. I'll meet you down on the street in front of my office.'

"By the time I'd given my private secretary instructions concerning certain matters of importance on which I was likely to be called on the telephone that afternoon, grabbed my hat, and taken the elevator down from my office to the street, I found him waiting in his car. He reached out and gave me his hand in silence. I took it, and climbed in beside him.

"He drove far more carefully than he had ever done before, and without his usual gay, small talk. Out we went on Main street, into North Main street, passed the City limits, and, to my amazement, entered our Cemetery, which is beautifully maintained, as you know, and the most expensive one in the County.

"Finally, he drove up to his own family plot, and getting out, signified that I should follow him.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

"There was a new grave there, with a granite headstone and he went over to it—I followed, and this is what I read:

'Prince.
'Noble Sacrifice To The Salvation of His Master's Soul, Through The Instrument of His Faithful Hunting Partner And Friend, Uncle John.'"

Uncle John had finished and looked inquiringly at me for my verdict. My hand gripped his, and words seemed futile.

Pointer Pup Peggy, Pointing Her First Pheasant

Owned by Charles A. Ferguson, Lansing, Michigan. Photograph entered for Dog and Camera Prize Contest. Mr. Ferguson writes that Peggy at the time this picture was taken was about a year old, and that, after flushing the pheasant, she made a perfect stand on another bird along the roadside, and while on point was run over by a large touring car and badly injured. He fortunately adds, however, that Peggy is rapidly recovering and "will take her regular turn on partridge this fall."

DOG AND CAMERA PRIZE CONTEST

No guns may be carried when photographs for this contest are taken. The contest is open and will close on December 1.

First Prize	- -	**Eastman Kodak**
Second Prize	- -	**Ingersoll Wrist Watch**
Third Prize	- -	**Dog Collar**

Each photograph must be accompanied by a statement of conditions under which it is taken, name of dog, and his age; the time, place, species of game pointed, picture of camera-hunter, his name, address, and any other information of interest.

All readers of Outdoor America are eligible. Send photographs and information to The Editor of "Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen" care of Outdoor America.

The prizes will be awarded by Marguerite Ives, Donald Hough, and Travers D. Carman, who will act as judges.

CORRECTIONS IN GAME LAWS

The editor of this department extends his thanks to members of our chapters in Minnesota, Illinois and Pennsylvania for promptly calling to his attention errors in the game laws as published in the October issue of Outdoor America. The corrections are as follows:

Minnesota

The hunting season is closed indefinitely on bull moose and for this year on deer.

From September 16th to December 31st open season for wild duck, goose, coot, Wilson snipe, gallinule and yellowlegs. (Rails September 16th to November 30th Federal law.)

Illinois

Open season on prairie chickens November 10th to November 21st.

Open season on Cock Pheasants November 10th to November 15th.

Pennsylvania

Deer—male with rack or spike six inches above the skull.

Residence license $1.50.

Although diligent effort was made to secure accuracy in the game laws and a 1923 sportsman's guide book of recognized authority was quoted, the fact remains that this department should not fail in its responsibility as an authority on all such subjects, and the editor of this department sincerely regrets the errors.

TRAVERS D. CARMAN.

The Little People *of the* Wilderness

Illustrations by C. Otis Wilson

By EL COMANCHO *(W. S. Phillips)*

WHY stop at ants when comparing the Little People of the Wilderness and this egotistical animal we call man?

Not only do ants live like human beings, but to a certain extent, and relatively, all animals, birds and insects do the same thing.

Moreover they are like the nations of the earth, for each species has its own language and uses it to communicate with his own kind and when he can't get an idea over in his own language he uses the universal language known to all.

Don't misunderstand when I say language, for I mean just that, though not in the sense of a lot of surplus words, such as we human beings have, for birds and animals talk in ideas rather than words. In this respect they are like the Chinaman who expresses a whole idea (instead of a single letter sound as we do) in one character of his writing.

The universal language of the Wilds is the highest development of the same thing, using sounds instead of symbols to express the intelligence desired.

The individual tribe-language is more elaborate, but not anywhere near as elaborate as human language.

When I was a boy I was always very much interested in all nature and in birds and animals, especially.

I was always loafing along the river, watching, listening and studying. I found very early that the birds especially had certain sounds to mean certain things and that these sounds were always definite in tone, pitch, volume and time and never varied nor did they ever mean other than one thing and that one thing was always a definite idea and not just a word.

As a boy I was a natural mimic and I very soon learned to duplicate almost any sound in nature and especially could I mimic the calls and songs of birds.

I can still do this well enough to fool you, brother, but I can't fool the birds much any more, because I can't whistle as I did when I was a kid; neither can you if you are fifty years old. If you doubt this just try to whistle some old tune and see how you go flat or sharp.

You can't do this flat-and-sharp stuff and get away with it when you start to talk with the Little People, for they will detect the slightest deviation in tone, volume, time or any other quality of the call you use and then they will either pay no attention to you or else they will get out right off because they sense danger in the sounds that do not ring true.

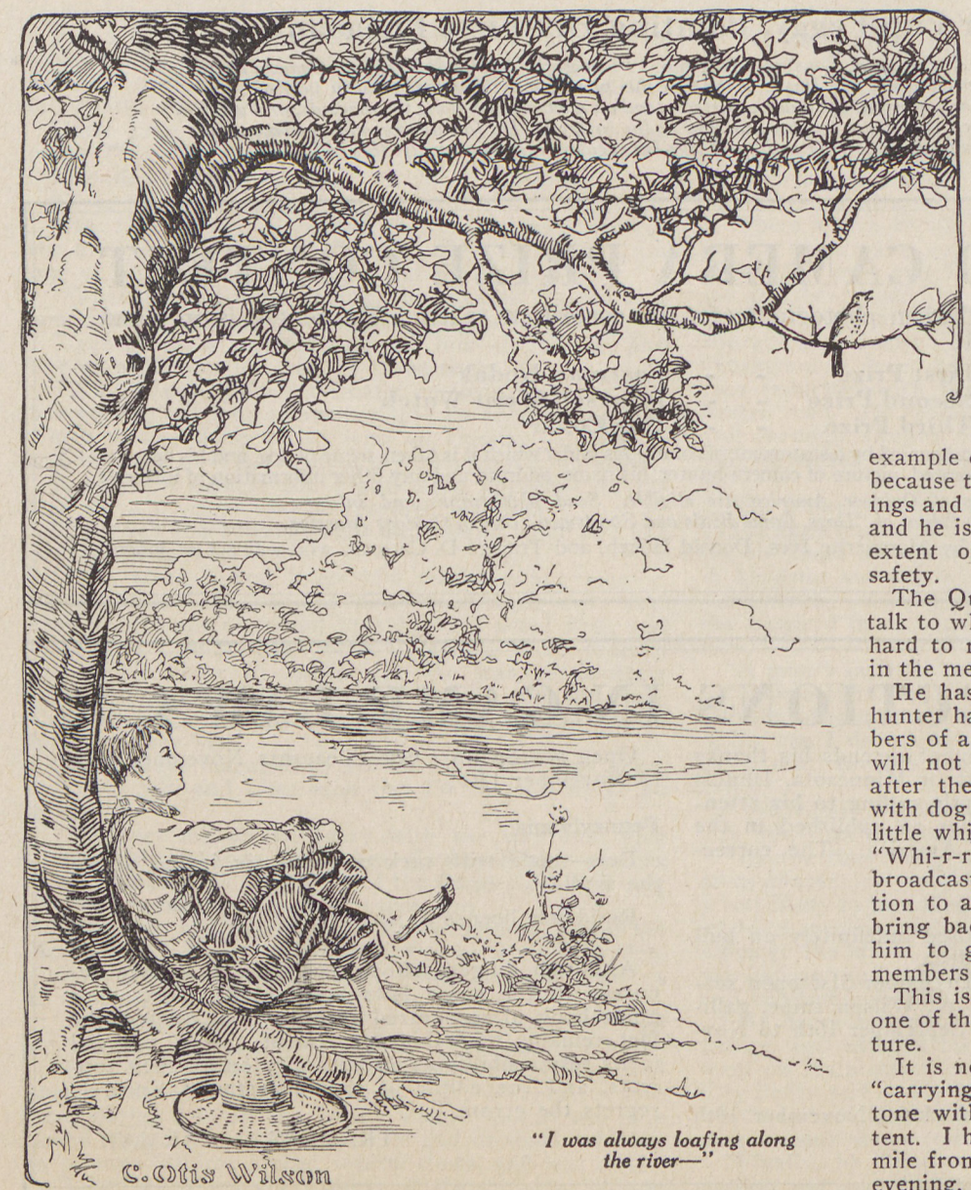
The calls of the common Bobwhite Quail are the best example of bird language that I know of, because the Quail is positive in all his doings and because man is familiar with him and he is familiar with man—even to the extent of getting careless of his own safety.

The Quail was one of my favorites to talk to when I was a boy, for he was not hard to mimic and he was very positive in the meaning of each call. I will explain.

He has a get-together call that every hunter has heard him use when the members of a covey have been scattered. He will not use this call for several hours after the hunter breaks into the covey with dog and gun; likely it will be only a little while before sundown that his first "Whi-r-r-ee!" sounds, timidly, like a broadcast of wireless to locate his position to all hearers of his own covey and bring back an answer which will enable him to get in touch with one or more members of his own flock.

This is his "get-together" call and it is one of the most penetrating sounds in nature.

It is not loud but it has the quality of "carrying" for very long distances in clear tone without loss of volume to any extent. I have heard this call plainly over a mile from the bird that made it on a still evening.



"I was always loafing along the river—"

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

C. Otis Wilson

"The quail was one of my favorites to talk to when I was a boy."

When it is given it is answered by any other member of the caller's own covey that may hear it and it will be answered by any member of a second scattered covey if within hearing distance.

When any individual of a scattered covey hears this call he answers it in kind, for it is a call and an answer also and then both birds begin to get together either by running or flying toward each other.

As they approach they add to this call certain indescribable little twitterings that I think serve to identify individuals of a covey but I am not sure as to this. I do know that they utter them and that they utter like but differently timed twitterings to call the flock when one has located good feed where all may share in it.

When the call is used accompanied by the food twitter every bird in the covey "comes running" toward the caller, for he knows it means, "Good eats! Hurry!"

You have heard an old rooster call his harem hens the same way in your own barnyard if you ever lived on a farm.

You've seen the same old rooster look up in the sky with one eye some day and suddenly yell, "A-r-r-r-e-e-e-ar! Hawk! Beat it!" and you saw every last chicken in the yard "beat it" literally and actually with legs and wings and a hullabaloo of cackling without stopping to find out where the hawk was! Even you knew there was a hawk about because the old rooster told you, also, all about it in his squawking cry.

With that one squawk the rooster put over a whole idea and he made such a good job of it that everybody knew just what the danger was and where to look for it and furthermore you noticed that every last chicken kept right on going until he had gotten safely under something. Did he know or did he not that a hawk was to be expected to whiz down out of the air and get him? I'll say he did! And he got some cover over himself even if it was only the farm wagon.

He knew, didn't he? And all the rooster yelled was "Hawk!"

The Quails do the same thing only more so and so does every other bird.

The Quail has one call for food, one for danger, one to get together with his own folks when they get scattered, one that is a challenge to fight and others that each have their own definite meaning through a list of a dozen or more separate calls that, all combined, make up the Quail language which is elaborated by soft twitterings.

I used to mimic all of them exactly enough to get the same result out of the sound that the Quail got when he voiced any particular call. I was a good mimic and a careful one and I knew what I was doing. You can do the same thing as soon as you can exactly mimic their calls and know what each one is given for.

I never hunted Quails in those days with a dog and shotgun. My way was to use a .22 rifle and kill the cock quails alone and not the hens. It was clean sport and good clean shooting that took a good eye, a quick trigger and a lot of ability as a mimic and had to be backed by a lot of positive knowledge about Quail habits that could be procured only by long and patient observation and association with the birds in their own environments.

I am not boasting; I merely give you actual facts that you can prove and duplicate for yourself if you have the patience and any natural ability as o mimic.

I went hunting in those days with a horse and buggy and my .22 rifle. When I reached a spot that my experience told me was likely to contain a covey of Quails I just stopped the horse and gave a few tentative calls—"feelers"—broadcasted to the wide world as any lost Quail would do if he wanted to find his friends.

If other Quails were near I got an answer and by the tone, inflection, time and by the number of times it was repeated I knew whether the answering Quail was a cock or hen and whether it was in a settled covey or was feeding or whether it was a lost bird from some scattered covey such as I was impersonating.

My next call would depend entirely on that answer and its meaning to me, based on my intimate knowledge and acquaintance with Quails and Quail habits.

If the sound told me that the answering bird was an individual belonging to a covey that had been scattered through any cause then I used nothing but the straight get-together call which puts over the idea of "Here I am; come here to me; let's get-together."

Quails like to herd in bunches and they are lonesome when alone so they answer that call very quickly if they have been scattered from any cause, especially if the answering bird has been alone for an hour or so.

If the answering bird proved to be a hen from a scattered flock I let her go for I shot no hens.

If it was a cock from a scattered flock I merely answered and called back and forth with him until I brought him up into the clear space of the wagon road and there I shot him through the head as he stepped into sight for he was never more than a few yards distant when I first saw him and he always stopped dead still for two or three seconds when he saw me instead of the other Quail he expected to find. That moment of hesitation gave me my chance, for I was always ready to pull almost instantly on sight and I was an expert quick rifle shot and rarely missed.

Sometimes I killed three or four cocks out of one scattered covey jnst the same way, one after the other as the little rifle made scarcely any noise.

(Continued on page 187)

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Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

A Recent Memory

By Colonel JOHN A. LEE

ONE does not read much about the fish and fishing in the great interior lakes of Western New York, and yet located there are the "five finger lakes," Seneca, Canandaigua, Cayuga, Ku-Ku-Ka, and Skaneateles and then there is Owasco which is in the group, but being short could more appropriately be called a thumb than a finger.

All these lakes are but a few miles apart as the automobile flies and are parallel, running north and south, or nearly so, and are surrounded with great mountainous hills, and great towering cliffs, and beautiful glens and fertile valleys. The lakes were formed centuries ago by glacial action and the bottoms are chiefly of shale or slate, and the banks are bedecked in many places with great round smooth boulders, which the people call Indian heads, formed by the grind of the glacial movement of the dim past. The waters are almost as clear as the atmosphere.

The great hills surrounding these lakes are garbed with forests, orchards, vineyards, grain fields, and berry farms. Canandaigua lake is about 18 miles long and an average of two miles wide. Seneca, 40 miles long, is the largest of the group and they are all of about the same average width, their lengths varying from 40 miles to 10 miles.

They drain the mountainous water shed of northern New York and all empty into Lake Ontario through the Seneca and other rivers.

In this beautiful land of lakes, hills, and valleys lived the great Iroquois nation, possibly for thousands of years before the whites discovered America.

I have just returned from a three weeks' stay as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roy McCanne, my son-in-law and daughter, at lake Canandaigua. This lake lies about forty miles south of Rochester, and is surrounded by high hills and precipitous cliffs, sheer 300 to 400 feet high. Then there are places where the hills sit back from the shore of the lake leaving narrow, fertile, beautiful valleys from a half mile to a mile wide.

These valleys are intersected with brooks which flow down the ravines, between the big hills and over noisy waterfalls into the lake.

Send in
Your Fishing Stories
Five
Great Prizes

In these valleys wise and fortunate people have built homes on the shores of the lake, and come there to live in "the good old summer time" and to row, and paddle, and swim, and visit, and play golf and tennis, and dance, and fish.

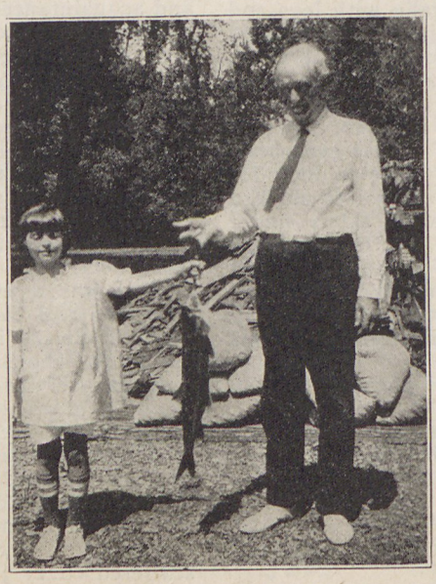
You are getting impatient to know about the fish and the fishing and I will get at it immediately for if there is anything I like better than fishing it is to talk and tell about it.

The fishing is ideal but the catching taxes the skill and the art of the experienced angler. In the early Spring and the late Fall the catching is also good as the fish then feed near the shores, but I was there in August, and though the weather was cool, the small mouth black bass, and pike, perch, and big gray trout were in deep water.

When I say deep water, I mean 250 to 300 feet deep, as the lake deepens from about 100 yards from shore and seems to fall off into immeasurableness.

But very early in the morning and very late in the evening, even into the moonlight, the fine, firm, fighting fish of this lake come into shore in pursuit of the schools of shiners and the crafty and crusty crayfish.

Learning their hours for breakfast and late dinner, I joined them, for I was also in quest of my breakfast and dinner, and my various fishing companions (two men in a boat) Dr. George D. Wood, President of The Canandaigua Lake Anglers Association and William H. Hamlin, of that organization, and Mr. H. W. Morgan, and W. Roy McCanne, my host, all owners of delightful summer homes at Seneca Point on the lake, from day to day in every way, managed to capture some fine fish, but we had to work hard for every fish we caught, and that is what the true angler wants after all.



The author with his little granddaughter and a four and three-quarter lb. gray trout.

He wants to match his skill and patience and experience against that of the fierce fighting, wary, gamey fish, and to feel the full thrill of landing his prize. It should be a victory that is hard fought and well won. Well! we caught them, bass 2 lb. to 3 lb., pike perch 1½ lb. to 2 lb. and gray trout 4¾ lb. to 6 lb., not so many, but enough to give us an appetite for more, because in these cold clear waters the fish are firm and sweet flavored.

We fished mostly with single hook spoon bait, as live bait was hard to get and keep, and anyway the fish seemed to prefer "spoon victuals." We used light tackle and my! my! how those fish did fight when they felt the hook.

The big gray trout, called Cristivomer Namycush also Salmoides Amethystus, were caught in such deep water that it was a battle all the way to the surface, 250 to 300 feet and then a fight all round and about the boat when the surface was reached. They grow large in lake Canandaigua, seldom being caught smaller than 4 pounds, and Dr. Wood has one mounted on the wall of his cottage which weighed 14¾ pounds. I caught a 2 lb. small mouth bass one evening after dark while my son was rowing the boat for me.

We had a big electric flash lantern in the boat, and while he handled the landing net he turned the light from the strong electric lantern on the fish, and we saw every movement it made in its grand struggle for life and liberty. The picture surpassed, in thrill and vividness, any movie picture I ever saw, and I am a movie fan!

The scenery on lake Canandaigua is beautifully impressive. The people living there are the best this country produces and they like other people. If you ever receive an invitation to visit there, don't wait to write but wire your acceptance.

The Bass That Was Not Hooked

By HARRY BUCKLEY

MY friend, Mr. F. K. Yost, is a prominent citizen of Hopkinsville, Ky. He is an ex-mayor, vice president and general manager of two big flour mills, and a reputable gentleman who is not given to exaggeration or fabrication.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

What he says can always be accepted at face value.

Mr. Yost told me a hard luck fishing story, which I am going to repeat to you just as he told it to me. Here goes.

"The Hopkinsville Hunting and Fishing Club has the exclusive fishing privileges on a one hundred and twenty-five acre lake out of town here, belonging to the Hopkinsville Water Co. I have a little parcel of ground and a cabin down near the dam. Last summer several friends came to town and wanted to go fishing, but they had no tackle with them, so I bought three big cane poles down town and some heavy cutty-hunk line with hooks, etc.

The way I enjoy fishing is to cast, even if I don't catch any fish while the worm and minnow fishermen are just hauling them in. But, of course, casting was out of the question with four of us in the skiff, so we all went in for the minnow fishing. I had arranged with the boys who furnish us milk to bring me some minnows, and they proved to be a lot of big, kicking chub minnows that ought to tempt any bass fish that swims. However, we didn't have much luck and I drove my friends to town, getting back to the cabin about dusk.

Those minnows looked so active that I couldn't resist the temptation to bait the hooks on the three cane poles with them and fasten the poles down on the dam with big rocks. Just before I went to bed I pulled up the lines, and found two chubs still wiggling fine and a six-inch catfish on the other hook. I threw them all back in the lake and made a good job of anchoring the poles down with rocks, then went to bed.

Next morning was gloomy and generally unfavorable for fishing, so I decided to wipe a lot of accumulated dust off my car that was parked down near the dam. Just as I had myself all set to make that car look a $1,000.00 better, I heard a disturbance on the dam and, looking over that way, saw the pole with the catfish on it doing a shimmy and apparently trying hard to lift anchor. Before I could get to it that pole had broken quarantine and started up lake like a doughboy A. W. O. L. It was too early in the morning for my blood to circulate up to standard, but at that, I showed quite a little speed in getting into the skiff and chasing the maverick pole. I finally caught it about a hundred and twenty-five yards from base, and then the fun began.

I didn't want to crowd that fish person, so I sort of eased a little tension into the line. Then I put a little pep into my effort and decided I had snagged the granddaddy of all the turtles in the lake—and I don't mind telling you we have some right sizable turtles in that pond.

The more I tightened the line, the further down old Mr. Turtle dug into the mud. I was getting disgusted to the point of considering taking hold of the line and keel-hauling him in or busting the tackle, when he had an inspiration and started up lake. And, man, I want to tell you he went some. He hauled me and the skiff a full hundred yards before I seemed to have any luck in slowing him down or getting him off the bottom.

I don't know whether he was tired or wanted to give me the once over when he finally let me get him within two or three feet of the surface. The water was too roily for me to see him, but he had the surface boiling as though a six-inch main had broken. So I decided I had the granddaddy of all the catfish.

I forgot to tell you that this little old lake was not only well stocked in the beginning, but our well-to-do farmers hereabouts let us seine their ponds occasionally and put the catch in the lake. We have all kinds of fish in it and sometimes a member will pull out a catfish that looks like a saw log coming to the top of the water. My friend did not give me much time to speculate on his size or lineage. He took another run up the lake of a few yards, then settled down to fight it out right there, if it took all summer.

By that time I was some tired. I had been fussing with him for a half hour, and the big cane pole without a reel took a lot of energy to handle long under pressure. It seemed to me, though, I now had that catfish buffaloed, so I just laid back in the stern of the skiff and started towing him toward the surface. He was groggy but still stubborn, so the pulling was hard and slow.

Finally, it happened. He came to the top by the bow of the boat. He was all petered out and flopped over on his side, and he was the biggest bass fish anybody ever caught. It made me woozy to look at him, but when I was able to focus my sight on him I saw his mouth was as big as your cap, gaping wide open and that measly, little old six-inch catfish just lying in it. In a flash I had the system. Said catfish had swallowed the hook. Bass fish had swallowed the catfish and had never been hooked.

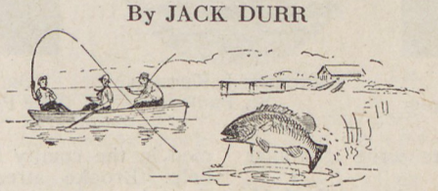
My one chance was to get to the bow of the boat and get my fingers in the gills of the bass fish before he got over being tired, so I started. But he woke up at my first movement and slid down toward the bottom of the lake.

Now I have seen lots of six and seven-pound bass pulled out of that same lake, so I know something about the size and weight of a bass fish. If my friend didn't weigh twelve pounds, the Washington Monument doesn't weigh an ounce. I think fifteen pounds would come closer to his measurement."

So much for Mr. Yost's story. I commented that under the circumstances disappointment would have laid me flat in the boat. He replied that he just collapsed and shook for several minutes as though he had the ague.

The Amateur Who Played Fair

By JACK DURR



IN the March issue of your splendid publication, you have a story by Ozark Ripley entitled "One Bass" with this caption underneath in the List of Contents: "The Story of a Big Bass That's Still There." Far be it from your humble subscriber to insinuate that my Angling Memory recited below could ever reach the high level attained by such an eminent author but nevertheless I shall presume on your good nature to the extent of using the same sub-title, and sincerely hope you will overlook the comparison.

It was shortly before sundown on a Saturday in early September last year, when three of us shoved off in our trusty rowboat from the little dock in the River Styx which is an arm of Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. All three of us had our reputation as anglers still to make but we were in high spirits—and I might add—none more certain of success than Yours Truly because the day was my birthday.

With Mack at the oars, Dev in the bow and myself accorded the throne of honor in the stern, we were soon out of sight of the Cove from whence we started and Dev and myself busy trolling. A friend, paddling idly by in a canoe, insisted upon chatting for five or ten minutes during which time we drifted lazily. Hardly had we gotten under way again when my reel screamed with pain at least half a dozen times. We were unanimous in our opinion that my double-bladed spoon with single hook Red Ibis Fly was again fouled, and upon feeling the heavy drag on my line, I too, was convinced the weeds had snared my lure but a short quick jerk served to send the proverbial delightful thrill racing up and down my spine and somehow all three of us knew instinctively that history was about to be made. Suddenly a leap about a hundred feet astern, a flash of burnished copper and the inexperienced amateur was playing the largest, liveliest fish the Angling Gods had ever hooked on his line before.

Well, advice, instructions, orders and commands came thick and fast from my partners but the one remark that my memory retains is: "Hand me back the rod and hoss him in." I suppose if I had obeyed instructions the fish would today be mounted and my reputation as an angler assured. But I replied "No!" rather heatedly and decided I would play him in the able manner often described by innumerable worthy and experienced angling writers and sportsmen, eventually tire him out and boat him. This decision, needless to say, was received with loud cries of anguish and much disgust as in our rosiest dreams we had never contemplated the need of a landing net. However, after what seemed an eternity, I succeeded in bringing him within a few feet of the boat where all three of us could distinguish his bulk. He soon decided on another dash away from his spectators and this time took with him about seventy-five feet of line. Checking him resulted in another beautiful leap.

Here's where our lack of experience cost us our prize. I had the cheap lancewood rod bent almost double trying to bring Mr. Bass close enough for Dev to hook his finger into the gills when with a mighty effort the fish shook his entire belongings clear out of the water for the third time—the line went slack . . . . a moment's hush . . . . and three agonized groans bade Mr. Bass farewell. I will spare your gentle readers a description of the scene for the next half hour.

Suffice it to say, however, my first important Angling Memory will always be the one most bitter and let me record here and now my tribute to the gameness, cunning and fighting quality of that sly old battler.

In conclusion, I might add, that were I to live to the ripe old age of Methuselah I shall never entirely live down the taunts of my two companions for "playing with him" instead of "hossing him in" as directed.

Brief News of the Chapters of the

WINONA, MINN.

MORE than 100 members attended the first meeting of the Winona chapter of the Izaak Walton league since its membership campaign began, which was held at the Association of Commerce quarters last week.

Chairmen of several committees were appointed at the meeting, and the advisability of turning over Lake Winona to the government for use as a breeding ground for fish was discussed following a statement by C. F. Culler, superintendent of the Homer fish station, that the lake would be an ideal spot for such a purpose.

Members at the meeting pledged themselves to chop one hole each in the ice on the lake this winter, in order to give the fish sufficient air to keep them from smothering to death while the lake is frozen over. These holes will be fenced in and guarded so that they will not be dangerous, it was explained.

To Start Petitions.

During further discussion of the league's campaign to prevent drainage of the Mississippi river bottoms it was voted to start petitions on the subject to be sent to President Coolidge and each member also was urged to write a letter of protest against despoliation of the fish and game region bordering the river and persuade at least one other person to write a similar letter.

Officers of the Winona Chapter are: President, Fred H. Doellner; Vice President, Wm. A. Baumann; Secretary, George H. Cutler; Treasurer, John Ambrosen.

Regarding Sponsorship of Neighboring Chapters

By M. S. HEISS

Executive Secretary of the League

WHEN there are 1,000 Izaak Walton League Chapters in America there will be more than 1,000,000 members of the League and more than 1,000,000 readers of the League's Magazine, Outdoor America.

Outdoor America will then be safe, problems of conservation can be solved, activities along all lines of protection and propagation can be furthered and to quote from the last written words of Emerson Hough "You will then see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface."

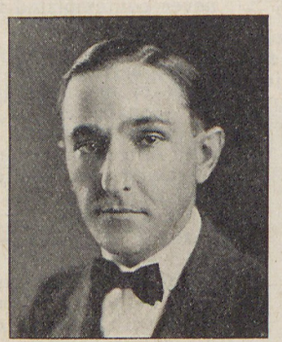
This task is not nearly as difficult as it sounds. If every chapter will sponsor five chapters in neighboring communities the battle will be won, and the figures quoted will be greatly exceeded. If every chapter will sponsor two, or three, or four additional chapters the battle will be won. If every chapter will sponsor just one more chapter victory will be in sight.

Many chapters have more than one sponsored unit to their credit and these chapters are all strong "going concerns."

During this month it is confidently hoped that the average will be one new chapter for every old one. This is not much to expect and headquarters will render every possible assistance in the way of magazines, descriptive literature, membership cards and petitions. The fact should always be kept clearly in mind that by such work an important gift is being conferred upon the neighboring community and that community will be just as proud of its new chapter as your city is of the one now in existence.

Correspondence on this matter is urgently solicited by the secretary, for there is no more important or patriotic duty a chapter may perform.

We at headquarters are being deluged with requests for speakers and pictures. There is a dearth of both but every possible effort is being made to supply the demand.



JOHN P. NAAS,
President, Dayton Chapter

KENDRICK J. KUTHILL,
St. Paul

DR. RALPH LAMBERT,
Vice Pres., Dayton Chapter

Olney, Ill.

THE Olney chapter of the Izaak Walton League has been presented with a fine library by Dr. Robert Ridgeway. It consists of many valuable books on birds, game, forestry and outdoor life.

In addition to the books are a number of magazines devoted to nature. This collection has been placed in special cases in the public library. Other volumes will be gradually added and eventually will become a great repository of knowledge pertaining to the Great-out-of-doors.

Secretary of the Olney chapter is Frank Brassie.

St. Paul, Minn.

THE youngest member of the St. Paul Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, Kendrick J. Kutill, whose picture is on this page, is the son of C. J. Kutill. A real fisherman, and he catches them in a sportsmanlike manner. In a few short years the boys of today like you, Kendrick, will be shaping the public opinion of tomorrow, and it is through this all-powerful public opinion we hope for results in many of the desirable things the League is striving for. Here's a hearty welcome to you and all the other real boys who love the open.

The officers of the St. Paul chapter are: President, Fred Lovell; Vice President, D. Lange; Secretary, Harry S. Thompson.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

THE North Western yards near the depot resembled the entrainment of an army about 10 o'clock last night when the state fish car was sidetracked. It seemed as though the entire membership of the Fond du Lac chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America and most of the other sportsmen in the county had answered Jack McCready's call for help. Brooke street between Forest avenue and West Second street was jammed with trucks and men eager to stock the county lakes and streams with the fry from the Mississippi River Rescue station.

The car brought 120 cans of small-mouth black bass, crappies, sunfish and catfish, the largest number of which were planted in Lake Winnebago and Lake de Neveu. Large allotments, however, went to Forest Lake, Twin Lakes, Round Lake and Long Lake, sportsmen coming in from those places to secure the fry.

Officers of the local chapter of Izaak Walton were highly gratified by the cooperative spirit shown not only by League members but by all the sportsmen in last night's

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Izaak Walton League of America

Convention of the Iowa Chapters

Waterloo, Oct. 16 and 17, 1923.

DELEGATES from the various chapters of Iowa affiliated with the National Izaak Walton League of America assembled in the City of Waterloo, on Oct. 16th, for the purpose of instituting a State Organization.

Geo. W. Wood, acting president, appointed at the National Convention held in Chicago, called this new convention to order introducing Mr. J. C. Murtaugh of Waterloo, who gave the delegates an eloquent welcome. President Will H. Dilg and Executive Secretary M. S. Heiss represented the National Organization. Following the address of welcome Mr. J. C. Murtaugh, by unanimous consent Mr. A. C. Willford of Waterloo was selected to act as chairman during the convention, and Mr. Joe Kautzky of Ft. Dodge was selected as Temporary Secretary.

At this time the chairman by motion was requested to appoint a committee of three (3), whose duty was to select and submit, at the afternoon session names for the following committees: Committee on By-Laws, Legislation, Resolution and Publicity. This committee consisted of B. C. Higgins, Mason City; D. D. Conger, Ida Grove and S. O. Carter, Des Moines. The convention then adjourned for the noon hour.

The convention was called to order by Chairman Willford, introducing Judge Wood of Waterloo, who in turn introduced our visitor President Will H. Dilg (founder of the National Izaak Walton League of America). Mr. Dilg in that earnest, sincere manner so characteristic of him explained the objects and purposes of the League and what the League has already accomplished and to what extent the State Organization could render valuable assistance to the National Organization. He also outlined some of the big things of the future calling special attention to the Drainage of the Winneshiek Bottoms on the Upper Mississippi River.

Following Mr. Dilg the committee on appointments made its report, suggesting to the convention the names of J. C. Murtaugh of Waterloo; C. C. VanDyke of Dubuque, and Geo. E. Baker of Ames, as members of the committee on By-Laws.

Burr G. Lichty of Waterloo; Geo. W. Wood of Waterloo; Joe Kautzky of Ft. Dodge; J. C. Murtaugh of Waterloo and E. H. Prior of Postville as committee on Legislation, and for committee of Resolution H. B. Mainard of Waterloo; F. F. Finnigan of Mason City; Claude H. Pettit of Osage, and as the committee on Publicity, S. O. Carter of Des Moines; D. D. Conger of Ida Grove; Fred Beirman of Decorah; A. E. Nugent of Cedar Rapids and Roy A. Morris of Rockwell City. Upon motion these names recommended by the special committee were unanimously endorsed as the choice for the standing committees of the convention.

Following the report of the special committee State Engineer H. V. Peterson of Des Moines gave a very interesting talk on the Pollution of Our Streams. State Game Warden W. E. Albert gave an outline of the work of his department and some of the things accomplished. He expressed himself as being very desirous to assist the League in every way possible.

At this time adjournment was taken and an invitation was extended for all present to participate at the banquet to be served in the Banquet Hall of the Russell-Lamson Hotel. At this banquet the delegates enjoyed a real treat; Rev. W. H. Beachler of Waterloo made a wonderful speech. After the banquet the delegates and the members of the Waterloo chapter together with their families enjoyed an evening of entertainment at the Plaza Theatre where a beautiful set of films were shown on the screen, in which President Dilg and Mr. Fred Peet, our National Secretary, were shown in action with the rod on the Upper Cedar River. These pictures were produced by the Mason City Chapter.

The morning session of Oct. 17th was called to order by Chairman A. C. Willford. The committee of Resolution presented the following resolution:

The Iowa state division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in convention assembled at Waterloo, Iowa, this seventeenth day of October, 1923, hereby resolves:

That it desires to express its felicitations to the founder of the league and our national president, Will H. Dilg, who has, in manifestation of his fraternal spirit, attended our deliberations and materially assisted our work by his wise council and helpful advice.

That we deeply appreciate the indorsement of our work and plans by the General Federation of Woman's Clubs and by the Federated Woman's Clubs of Iowa, conscious of the value to our organization of the friendly favor of

(Continued on page 175)

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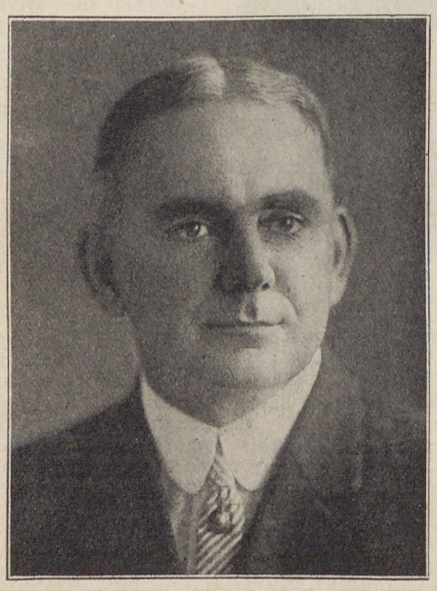
turnout. The arrival of the fish car which made possible extensive restocking of county waters is pointed out by the sportsmen as a big argument for the preservation of the swamp lands along the Mississippi river. These swamp lands are the greatest spawning grounds in the country for a large variety of fish and through government rescue stations, millions are saved each year and used to restock the streams and lakes of the country.



S. C. WILSON,
Sec., Kansas City Chapter

Millions of these fish are also lost each year because the government appropriation for the rescue work is not large enough. While a portion of the fund provided by the sportsmen in their payment of various license fees is used in this kind of work, local sportsmen are hoping that the time will come when the largest part of it may be devoted to the rescue of these fish and the replenishing of the country's waters. The Izaak Walton League of America is now conducting a vigorous campaign to prevent a number of "wildcat" companies from draining these valuable Mississippi river swamp lands.

Officers of the Fond du Lac chapter are: President, George W. Watson; Vice President, C. M. Winter; Secretary, J. B. McCready; Treasurer, B. J. Kremer.

Shreveport, La.

THE first chapter in the state of Louisiana has been organized at Shreveport with the following men acting as temporary officers pending formal presentation of charter and election of permanent leaders: Thomas E. Willis, president;

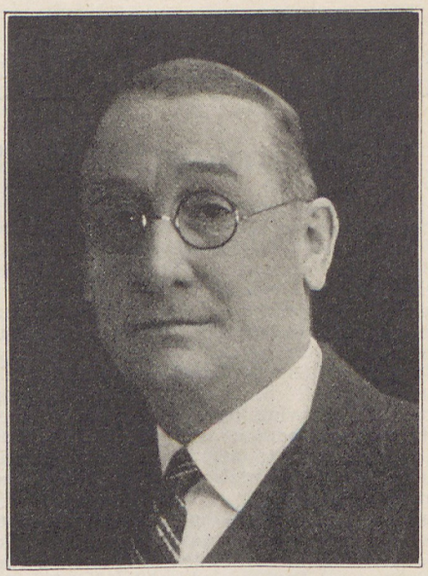
B. J. KREMER,
Treas., Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter

W. C. Taylor, vice president; T. W. O'Bannon, secretary, and F. N. Zuwalt, treasurer.

During the Louisiana State Fair at Shreveport, the chapter sponsored a sort of bureau of information through the courtesy of the Louisiana Conservation Commission and dispensed information on the League and its purposes to thousands of visitors.

It is confidently expected that the League will soon have many chapters in Louisiana.

J. A. Stenicka,
Treas., Marengo, Ill., Chapter



George Ashton,
St. Louis, Mo.

Joliet, Ill.

A CARLOAD of large mouth black bass and blue gills were placed in the Kankakee river at Wilmington during October by the Will County, Ill., chapter. In Wilmington, a beautiful little city on the Kankakee, there are nearly 150 members of the Will County chapter and the men from this city were active in rendering assistance in the planting activities. The fish were sent by W. J. Stratton, state fish and game warden, and were in charge of John Euteneuer, fish car custodian. This is the second car of fish obtained by the Will County chapter and planted in waters of that section.

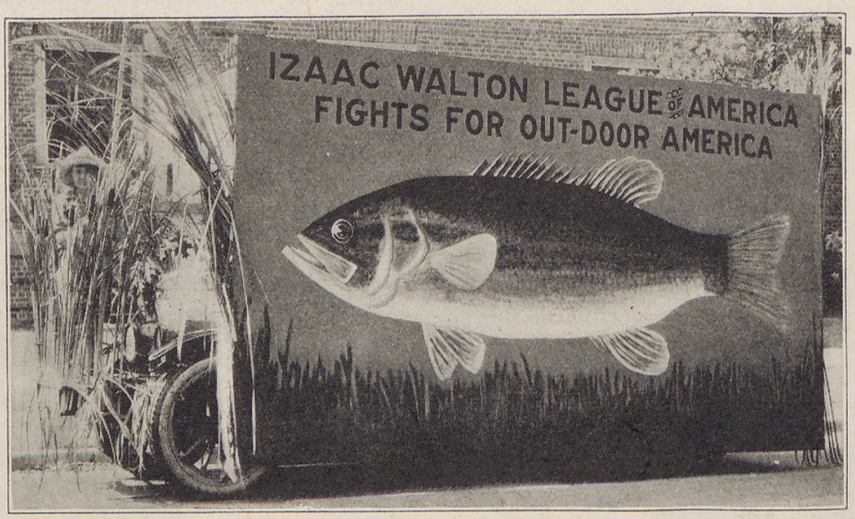
Rev. Walter Macpherson, member of Will County chapter, has returned from England where he visited the haunts of Old Izaak Walton and, from famous British anglers has come a request that the Will County chapter send a shipment of black bass to England for planting in streams of that country.

Officers of the Will County chapter are: President, Dr. G. D. Webb; Vice President, Dr. Tom Mulford; Secretary, M. S. Heiss; Treasurer, George Blackburn.

Mattoon, Ill.

WHAT bears indications of being one of the largest and liveliest chapters in Illinois has been formed at Mattoon, where 240 members signed the petition for charter. A barbecue was held during October at Paradise Lake where Ozark Ripley delivered an address and made many new friends for himself and the League. Great interest is attached to hunting dogs at Mattoon and Ozark Ripley, internationally famous for his knowledge regarding canine affairs, was a welcome visitor.

Herb Pennington is secretary of the newly formed chapter



Float made by the Michigan City, Indiana, Chapter

The Chapter is willing to loan this float to other Chapters

Bloomington, Ill.

THIS chapter held a field day, with casting tournaments and various out-of-door sports as the principal attractions recently. Bloomington plans many activities during the winter and inasmuch as the president of the Illinois Division, Dr. Walter Ritchie, is a Bloomington resident, it is expected that a large percentage of the chapter will make arrangements to attend the second annual Illinois division convention at the neighboring city of Peoria next February.

Other officers of the chapter are: President, John M. McDonald; Secretary, W. L. Wilson; Vice President, W. R. Lyons; Treasurer, J. B. Clickner.

Peoria, Ill.

THE Fort Clarke chapter at Peoria, Ill., is starting early to make plans for the second annual convention of the Illinois division which will be held at the Illinois river city. This convention will be of extreme importance as the Illinois division now boasts of nearly 100 chapters with the prospects of representation from every county in the state. At the last meeting of the chapter, committees were appointed to take charge of the drive for members of the Izaak Walton League. Application blanks were distributed to the members, with the request that each one find at least 10 new members.

Congressman W. E. Hull delivered a short talk on the club activities, and indorsed the drive for membership.

Officers of the Fort Clarke chapter are: President, B. Frank Brown; Secretary, H. J. Vance; Vice President, Andrew Distler; Treasurer, Ida May Scholes.

Denver, Col.

THE Rocky Mountain chapter came into existence during October with George C. Franklin as temporary president and Mrs. C. M. Buchanan as temporary secretary. It is expected that this important chapter at Denver will pave the way for many more throughout Colorado where interest in the Izaak Walton League is particularly keen.

Michigan City, Ind.

The two panels, one for each side of the car, are made up in well made sections of heavy wall board on a suitable light lumber frame with the exterior surface varnished so that it will stand the weather in good shape.

The panels have been taken down, carefully covered in paper and are crated up in good shape in a crate about 15 inches wide, 50 inches high by about 9 feet long so that this can be readily stored until the chapter here has a clubhouse or some place to use these big pictures or to be shipped out to any other chapter who might want to borrow this sign for use in some of their affairs, as the Michigan City chapter name does not appear on the panels.

The Michigan City chapter wishes to announce that it is willing to loan these panels to any other chapter that would like to use them, with the understanding, of course, that they are to be carefully handled and returned in as good condition as when received.

Officers of the Michigan City chapter are: President, Wm. F. C. Dall; Vice President, George Bull; Secretary, L. J. Mayer; Treasurer, F. C. Bartholomew.

Convention of Iowa Chapters

(Continued from page 173)

bodies so universally recognized as interested in every movement for the betterment of mankind.

That we welcome and encourage the co-operation of the Iowa Society for Conservation, whose aims and objects so nearly parallel the ambitions of our own beloved organization, and recommend the closest active relations between that body and our own.

That we unreservedly indorse and will actively support the legislative program of the national body and will use every proper endeavor to secure legislation in Iowa which will be in harmony therewith.

That we deeply appreciate the attendance and influential participation in our deliberations of H. V. Pederson, engineer of the Iowa state board of health, and assure that board of our sincere approval of their work in eliminating pollution from the streams of the state by which human, animal and plant life are in danger.

We sincerely appreciate the courtesy of Alexander Frank in his generous tender of the Plaza Theatre for the exhibition of our Cedar river films and for the complimentary courtesies extended to the delegates and families.

That we acknowledge our indebtedness to Rev. W. H. Beachler for his friendly association with us and for his inspiring and characteristic message which we so thoroughly enjoyed.

That we acknowledge our obligations to Hon. J. C. Murtagh for his splendid address of welcome, which so deeply inspired the enthusiasm which made the successful conduct of our deliberations certain and complete.

That we are immeasurably indebted to the Waterloo Courier and the Waterloo Tribune for their attentive interest in collecting and publishing the activities of our meeting, realizing that upon publicity depends the development of that favorable public sentiment with which nothing can fail and without which nothing can succeed.

That we extend our fraternal greeting to our temporary officers for their faithful discharge of the trying duties and requirements in conducting to a successful conclusion the first state convention. Bert and Joe, we are with you now and always.

That we recommend and urge that delegates solicit and obtain active work by all the members of their home chapters in disseminating the activities of the league and securing a lively interest in the growth of their home chapters and the establishment of chapters in neighboring communities.

Resolutions Committee,
H. B. Maynard, Chairman.
Claude H. Pettit,
F. L. Finnegan.

Waterloo, Iowa.

At this time the resolution was introduced favoring a closed season on all game fish from December 1st to June 15th of each year; also the resolution favoring a universal state law on fish and game; further resolution favoring a fisherman's license for all males over the age of sixteen (16) and the revenue to be used for the propagation and protection of fish and game life. These resolutions were unanimously endorsed by the convention.

The committee on Constitution made its report submitting to the convention a complete state constitution, which was read and unanimously adopted. This constitution will have to be approved by the National Board of Directors before becoming a law.

A committee at this time was selected and appointed to submit to the afternoon Convention proposed names for the various offices of the State Organization, election to be taken up immediately after lunch hour.

The afternoon session was called to order by the chairman. Special committee reported as follows:

President, Geo. W. Wood of Waterloo; First Vice President, C. V. Findley of Ft. Dodge; Second Vice President, A. E. Nugent of Cedar Rapids; Third Vice President, G. H. Moore of Ida Grove; Secretary, Clifford Hallowell of Waterloo; Treasurer, Burr Lichty of Waterloo; Directors for 3-year term: E. E. Covenaught, Ft. Dodge; D. M. McPeak, Mason City; F. F. Hipps, McGregor. Directors for 2-year term: Claude Pettit, Osage; Julius Moetzel, Des Moines; W. W. Combs, Cedar Falls. Directors for 1-year term: A. C. Willford, Waterloo; C. C. VanDyke, Dubuque; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy.

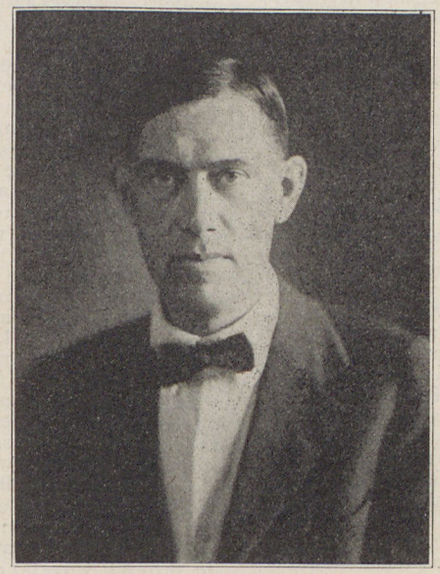
The committee on Legislation presented to the convention an outline of a new proposed draft of game laws for the State of Iowa, and upon recommendation the committee on Legislation was instructed to perfect this new revision of game laws, the same to be presented next session of Legislature.

The cities of Cedar Rapids, Ft. Dodge and Mason City requested the pleasure of entertaining the next session of the State Organization, and upon motion the Board of Directors were empowered to select the next meeting place for the convention. There being no further business before the convention the convention adjourned to meet on the call of the President by directions of the Executive Board.

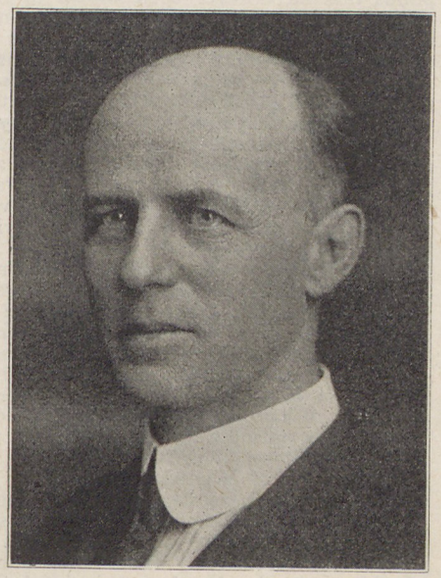
S. O. Carter.

Terre Haute, Ind.

AN interesting meeting was held during October at Terre Haute, Ind., which resulted in the organization there of a splendid chapter. The Rev. Walter H. Macpherson was the speaker of the evening and he brought to those in attendance such an exact and inspiring knowledge of the ideals and principles of the League that every person in the audience signed the petition for charter. Officers of the chapter are: President, James F. McKenna; Secretary, Harry Forbes.



C. EDMOND PETERSON,
Treas., Sycamore Chapter



MAJOR C. M. WINTER,
Vice Pres., Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter

Cadillac, Mich.

AT a meeting held in Cadillac, Mich., Oct. 11 Dr. Preston Bradley delivered a powerful oration to the members of the Cadillac chapter. This chapter is becoming one of the strongest in Michigan and many interesting events are being planned for the winter. Officers of the chapter are: President, R. D. Crawford; Vice President, W. E. Sours; Secretary and Treasurer, J. L. Sheridan.

Get five of your friends to subscribe—$1.00 a year

Officers of the Louisville chapter are: President, Dr. F. W. Samuel; Vice President, W. W. Watts; Secretary, T. B. Challinor; Treasurer, Emile Pragoff.

Rockford, Ill.

DR. ROYDEN E. TULL, President of the Rockford chapter, sends us the following letter:

The Rockford Chapter, in so far as local affairs are concerned, has justified its existence; so much so, in fact, that it is a little difficult for me to confine myself to ordinary language.

Last week we secured from the State Department of Game and Fish, and planted in our streams, 35,000 bass, crappies and bluegills, about 75 per cent being black bass. The first shipment of 25,000 arrived at noon Sept. 27, and were distributed before three o'clock. The second shipment of 10,000 came unexpectedly, Saturday, as a reward, according to Chief Stratton, for the efficiency with which we handled the first shipment and the interest we exhibited in the work.

Mr. T. S. McCafferty, State Supt. of Hatcheries, was with the car on its first trip and looked over our sites for a hatchery. Mr. W. J. Stratton, Chief Game and Fish Warden, came Sunday and inspected the site recommended by Mr. McCafferty. Today we secured an option, at a very reasonable figure, on the land in question. There are between thirty and sixty acres in the piece with a minimum flow of 150 gallons per minute of the finest spring water. This will mean the largest hatchery in the state, and that work will be started this Fall unless there are complications with regard to a clear title. Next Fall, if the present program is carried out, the Rockford hatchery will ship not less than 300,000 black bass.

The Rockford Chapter owes its thanks to Mr. Stratton, Mr. Thomas Ambrose, 1st Vice President, I. W. L. A., and to Lieut. Governor Sterling, of Rockford, among others, for the interest they have taken in this matter and the assistance they have so cheerfully given. Also the chapter wants to extend its thanks to the splendid support given us by the press. Even Bill Stewart, of the Chicago "American," gave us a boost.

The site, according to Mr. McCafferty, is ideal for the purpose. The spring, which rises at the head of two small ponds that have never been known to freeze, and in which there are now brook trout of twelve inches or more, was flowing when the early settlers came to this county and has never been known to fall below its present volume of about 150 gallons per minute. The location for the hatching ponds is good black soil with a hard bottom, and lies so that drainage from one pond to the other may be easily arranged.

It lies in a natural pocket, surrounded by higher ground, and removed from any danger of flood at any season of the year. One of the new concrete highways provided for in the $100,000,000.00 bond issue passes within 200 yards of the property line and we have a 6 ft. right of way directly to this highway.

We never cease to learn. I have written and said that, in my opinion, there was not enough trout water in Illinois to fill a wash-tub. You may imagine my surprise, then, to see those speckled beauties swimming around in plain view when we made our first trip of inspection. You may also imagine my feelings when, upon describing one of our streams to Mr. McCafferty with a view of increasing our allotment of bass, he said that it sounded like a trout stream and that he would send us some trout for an experiment!

I do not know if dreams come true or not, but I now have a dream of Winnebago county as a fisherman's paradise—a place where the gamiest game fish in the world may be caught in abundance, a place so attractive from a fisherman's viewpoint—as it already is in a scenic way—that the hundreds, nay thousands, who now make annual pilgrimage to the North for doubtful fishing will be more than content with what we have to offer. This will mean a deeper love of home, a more enduring patriotism, and it will mean that many thousands of dollars, now spent in other states, will remain with our own merchants.

The officers of the Rockford Chapter are: President, Dr. Royden E. Tull; Vice President, F. M. Philley; Secretary, Geo. Kitteringham; Treasurer, J. G. Jones.

Lancaster, Wis.

THIS chapter held its "Charter Meeting" on the night of Oct. 15 when several hundred sportsmen of that city gathered at Calloway Hall. The charter was presented by the national executive secretary and inspiring addresses were delivered by Lancaster residents. The Lancaster chapter, where there are approximately 150 members, has been very active in the Upper Mississippi drainage fight and plans many additional activities during the winter. Officers of the chapter are: President, George Q. Sykes; Vice President, L. G. Hickok; Secretary, Mr. C. M. DuHamel; Treasurer, V. L. Showalter.

Frederick, Md.

THE Frederick, Maryland, chapter came into being during the month of October with James E. Solt as president; Walter H. Duvall, vice president; Ernest W. Schoonmaker, secretary, and J. Harry Kennedy, treasurer.

Marshalltown, Ia.

THE name of one of America's greatest conservationists and of one of the Izaak Walton League's staunchest friends, Emerson Hough, is being perpetuated by a chapter just formed in Iowa, to be known as "The Emerson Hough chapter of Marshalltown." This is eminently fitting as Emerson Hough was born in Iowa.

The officers of this chapter are: H. C. Kohlman, president; A. R. Cooper, vice president; Thomas W. Townsend, secretary, and H. K. Denmead, treasurer.

Ida Grove, Iowa

IDA GROVE, Iowa, chapter and Odebolt chapter united Oct. 11 in a splendid meeting where addresses, a banquet and general get-together talks were features. Will H. Dilg, national president, was a guest at the meeting, which brought out one of the largest crowds of sportsmen ever known in that section of Iowa. Those in charge of the arrangements worked long and faithfully to make the meeting a huge success and their efforts were amply rewarded. Officers of the chapter are: President, D. D. Conger; Vice President, L. M. Bright; Secretary and Treasurer, George Van Tilburg.

Millville, N. J.

"EVERY day in every way the Izaak Walton League grows better and better," at least that is the opinion of this chapter and apparently that is the opinion of all sportsmen in this locality. Our local chapter is steadily growing and enthusiasm grows with every new member enrolled. Our chapter will soon reach its first birthday and it is a pleasure to inform the readers of this magazine that the League has reached an enviable position in this locality, it is recognized as one of the real live wire organizations of our city, and the very skeptics of a few months past are coming in and are going along with us.

The autumn hunting season is close at hand and as the days go by and the sportsmen begin thinking of guns and of getting out in the brush, the local chapter as a fitting beginning gave a snapper soup supper on the evening of Sept. 11th, on the shores of Union Lake at Millville. All sportsmen, whether members or not, were invited. One hundred real sports were present to enjoy the delicious soup, prepared by a fellow member, and to listen to the speakers and the musical numbers provided. The chief speaker of the evening was Dr. W. H. Moore of Philadelphia, Pa., a well known hunter and fisherman who has spent several years traveling throughout the United States, Alaska, Canada and Old Mexico. Dr. Moore, in addition to having secured specimens of nearly every wild animal in North America, has taken pictures of these same animals in their natural environments, and has prepared an illustrated lecture that is well worth attending. Dr. Moore is a very able speaker and fully qualified to handle his subject, his descriptions of outdoor life in the great northwest and in Alaska are very vivid and carry his audience along with him, over the trails and over the mountains across streams and through forests, and provide a real treat for those who are not fortunate enough to have had such experiences.

In the near future the chapter has planned a "Ladies Night," a luncheon will be provided, followed by an entertainment. Such affairs are arranged to provide an opportunity to get together and become better acquainted, we do not mean with the ladies particularly, but with every one present. Brother, do not get us wrong on that, but you know it is necessary to include the ladies occasionally or our chapter attendance would fall off considerably, no matter how big the game a man has hunted out in the wilds, confidentially, friends, we know that friend wife can dog-gone near wreck a club's attendance, therefore the "get acquainted" affairs previously mentioned.

We are now working to secure more game allotments for depleted territories and more fish for our fresh water ponds and streams. We have the very able help of our State Senator, Hon. F. M. Reeves, who is Chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, and who is a member

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

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Waltonians Mourn Two of Their Oldest Members

One of outdoor America's very best friends has recently died in the person of John Milton Oliver. Mr. Oliver was seventy-seven years old, and has been a devotee of angling from boyhood, and a more principled angler never lived.

He was one of the original fifty-four founders of the Izaak Walton League of America, and one of the first large contributors to the cause, which he believed represented the last chance to preserve good fishing and hunting for posterity.

John Milton Oliver was a lawyer of note, for many years attorney for Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Oliver was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, a graduate of the Washington and Jefferson College of that city. He was a Civil War veteran, came to Chicago in 1870, and belonged to the Chicago Bar Association and the Chicago and Union League Clubs.

In many a hunting lodge this Fall and in fishing camps next May the name of John Waddell of Grand Rapids, Mich., will be reverently mentioned, and old-timers of the wild, unspoiled places will tell of the big grayling that he once caught and of his prowess with the Royal Coachman and the Grizzly King. In the Pere Marquette river there is one famous rainbow trout hole which will continue to be known so long as men fish this river as "Waddell's Hole." His cast over these waters was a thing of beauty in the eyes of sportsmen. At one time in his late prime he held the fly-casting championship; and always up to the day of his death he held the affection of hardy, happy men of the back country. He belonged to the great brotherhood of the outdoors. With him fishing was more than a recreation; it was a philosophy of life. He belonged to the old school of true sportsmen. With him the game was its own reward. His pleasure was not in filling a creel, but in the pull of a fighting rainbow or the jerk of a battling speckled trout. Camping with him and fishing with him younger men acquired his philosophy. So long as that philosophy endures on the streams and around the campfires fishing will continue to justify the thought of Walton that "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation."

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State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. S. Heiss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Managers, M. S. Heiss, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

M. S. HEISS,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1923.

[SEAL] CLYDE C. POSVIC.
(My commission expires May 5th, 1927.)

By mistake Mr. P. E. Zartman was accredited with having written the story in the October issue entitled "Duck Hunting Reminiscences of Thirty Years Ago." This story was written by Mr. Frank H. Gilworth, of Warsaw, Indiana.

Two Million Women in Defense of League's National Park

(Continued from page 161)

Be it resolved that the General Federation of Women's Clubs give its active support to all constructive projects which offer a solution of the problems of flood control, etc.

Here is an opportunity to carry out the spirit of that resolution. Write your representatives in Congress; ask them to do all in their power to stop this drainage project and if there is no other way, to urge that the government take over this valuable tract as a preserve.

With entire confidence that you will, as you have in the past, respond to this appeal for your co-operation,

I am, yours sincerely,
Cora C. Whitley.

Mrs. Francis E. Whitley,
Chairman Conservation of
Natural Resources.

Waltonians who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past will enjoy

GLORY O' THE DAWN

A Story by

HAROLD T. PULSIFER
President of The Outlook Company

This story of a shipbuilder who gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature the model of a clipper ship is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne.

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

John Moreland

(Continued from page 148)

mighty fish over Bill's net. Bill raised the net at the proper instant and with a shout laid it and the fish in the bottom of the boat and took to his oars.

The scene on shore was beyond description. Pete LaFitte was crying out of sheer happiness. Robert Patterson's eyes were misty and Jim Crow and Clyde Randall had hold of each other's hands and were jumping up and down and whooping like a pair of Comanche Indians.

Bill brought the boat to shore. John Moreland's hat was off and he tremblingly wiped his face with his handkerchief. Bill brought the bass to him and all gathered around and looked with admiration and respect at the King of the Winneshiek. As they gazed the dark bronze of the fish turned into a golden yellow and then blended back into a dark bronze brown. The King was dead but the red of his eyes shot forth a flame of defiance even in death.

"Let's weigh him, and let's hurry," commanded John Moreland. And so the happy party got into their boats just as the red sun sunk down and made for the big river. Darkness covered the river as they reached the mouth of the slough.

"What's that boat all lit up across there?" asked Bill, as he pointed across stream.

"That's Walter Strong's outfit to a certainty," said Randall. "It must have arrived while we were in the slough."

"Let's pull over there and we'll let Mr. Strong weigh my fish," ordered John Moreland.

In ten minutes they were alongside "The Winner." The crew had heard them coming in the darkness. Walter Strong came out and seeing Moreland invited them all to come aboard.

"I got him, Walter," were John Moreland's first words.

"Bring him in and let's have a look at him," said Strong.

"I want you to weigh him, Walter," said Moreland.

The fish was brought into Lars Peterson's kitchen and weighed. No one breathed as Strong weighed the big fish.

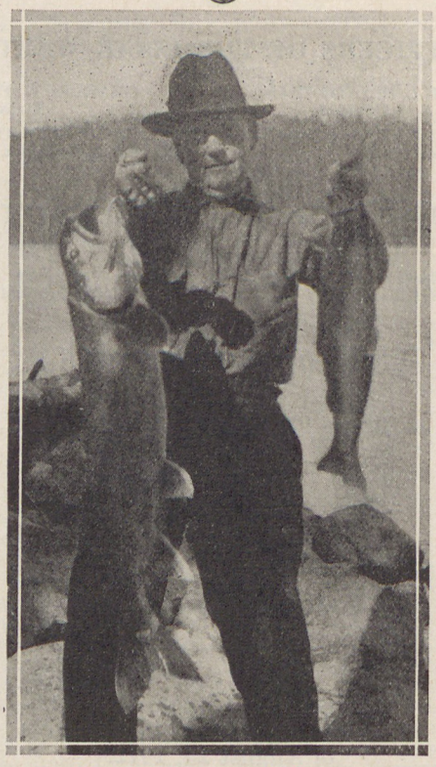
"Just five pounds and two ounces to a hair," he announced, and then his hand shot out and grasped John Moreland's. "It's a tie," he declared.

"By Gar, Lars Peterson, you dam lucky," excitedly exclaimed Pete LaFitte.

Both crews were talking loudly and excitedly as Moreland, Strong and Patterson left the kitchen and made their way to the forward deck where they stretched themselves out in comfortable chairs and lit their cigars. After a few minutes' silence, Strong said softly, "I never expected you to tie my big fish. We've both had the best summer of our lives. I'm having my bass mounted and now why not have our two bass mounted on one board and present them to the club and show those birds two real black bass."

"Good idea," answered Moreland.

"Our old friend George Baron has been writing me about the Izaak Walton League of America, a national organization of sportsmen," said Strong. "He sent me a copy of 'Outdoor America' a magazine owned by the League. It's a great movement and as I figure it there's no more an argument



Mr. Edward G. Taylor of Chicago, well known sportsman and angling writer, with the first gray trout ever taken from Nipigon waters on artificial fly. Mr. Taylor's trout weighed 16½ pounds and measured 36 inches in length.

against it than there is against the flag of the United States."

"He wrote me, too," said Moreland. "I see it's backed up by a lot of our friends and now that we have become sportsmen it seems to me that we ought to chip in and do our bit. What do you think of you and I becoming Patrons of the League? I don't see how we two old boys can make five thousand dollars do better work."

"That's more than a good idea, it's a great idea, John, let's do it," said Walter Strong.

"Now you're steamboating!" said Robert Patterson enthusiastically. "I have the honor to be one of the original fifty-four who started the League and months ago I took out a $100 Life Membership. Future generations of American boys will bless the League for saving the remnants of the Outdoor America of their ancestors."

As John Moreland and his happy party were returning to "The Victory" he turned to Bill Pohlman and said, "Bill, I'm going to fish the Florida coast this winter. Don't you want to go with me?"

"You know me," answered Bill.

THE END

A Mississippi Valley National Preserve Is Worth a Fight

(Continued from page 163)

To one who loves nature and wild life the picture presented there today is pitiful. The sloughs are usually empty of water but the great gaping hole is there waiting for the engineer who can tell how to fill it up with the dirt that is not there. The wild rice, wild celery, the lily beds and the lotus beds are gone, never to return, and in their place has come the thistle, the skunk weed and every other noxious plant that neither man, nor fowl, nor beast desires. In spots here and there the intrepid exploiter of this game paradise has touched the plow to the soil only to expose to view what bounteous nature has so kindly and so long concealed, a lot of dirty, white, useless sand. Not only that but you don't have to dig deep to get water such as it is. It lies just about four or five feet from the surface where it has seeped in from the father of waters for countless ages. Gone are many of the stately trees so familiar to the hunter and trapper and in their place an unsightly stump or dead branches fit only for the resting place of the hoot owl, the crow or the hawk. The soil will not even keep these trees alive without the constant effluvial that comes with the regular floods.

When one travels over the country today and sees the thousands of acres of perfectly good improved lands that are lying idle because of the surplus of farm produce and the falling market one is impressed more strongly than ever that these drainage projects such as "The Trempealeau Drainage District" and the "Winneshiek project" are not only fruitless but are well nigh criminal in their effect.

When I think of both sides of it I am reminded of the testimonial that the corn doctor got from one of his patients.

I think the story ran something like this. "Dear Doctor, I have now used five boxes of your valuable corn cure and I am free to state to you that it is great stuff. The foot is gone but the corn is still there."

I am going to gather for your information the facts as to the real cost of this project, its effect as far as real drainage, the amount of work, etc., from the records and by affidavit from the farmers themselves and will furnish you with this later.

Drainage Report

By DR. L. H. PAMMEL

Member Board of Conservation
Ames, Iowa.

I MADE a report on the Winneshiek Slough last year, and a more extensive investigation has led me to believe that drainage would be extremely unfortunate. I have on numerous occasions called attention to the importance of aquatic farming. In my paper Iowa Parks I say: "A few figures may be of interest in this connection. I am told that 4,000 muskrat skins were taken in one year from Blue Lake in Monona County. I am also told that in one year 5,000 muskrats were taken from Skunk Grove Lake. This is not a state lake, but I am in hopes it will be restored as a lake to preserve the muskrats. Figures from the two lakes show that 9,000 skins were taken in one year. The price of these skins fluctuates, but its value cannot be far from $10,000 in a single year from an area of 1,100 acres. Nothing has been said here of the value of the fish in such lakes. There are figures of actual sales made of carp and a few other fish; such figures do not however give us the true value of the products from these waters. The increase in

(Continued on page 186)

A Question of Patriotism

(Continued from page 131)

the guns of a foreign foe. America calls for patriots who will stand against their neighbors and friends in defense of our nation's welfare here at home.

I say "to stand against neighbor and friend" because too often these enemies of our nation's out-of-doors are among those who are nearest and dearest to us. We may forgive them because they know not what they do, but patriotism demands that, in this, we stand against them just the same.

This larger patriotism has a new understanding of citizenship. It understands that these CRIMES AGAINST AMERICA'S OUT-OF-DOORS ARE NOTHING LESS THAN CRIMES AGAINST OUR NATION'S WELFARE AND LIFE.

It has a new conception of our national wealth. It says: "One who wilfully and against the laws of the land pollutes a stream or burns a forest is a traitor to his country."

It gives a new meaning to sportsmanship, declaring that the game-hog who, without need and in violation of the law, wantonly and selfishly destroys the wild life of his country is guilty of treason.

It has a clearer vision of our country that is to be. And because this larger patriotism sees the physical welfare of America's manhood and womanhood dependent upon the re-creating strength of the out-of-doors, it is defending our forests and streams. Because it sees the mental strength and cleanliness of our American youth dependent upon the atmosphere of those places where God speaks in mountain and tree and spring and flower it is protecting and saving, for the nation's children, this national heritage.

This larger patriotism is saying in no uncertain terms to every enemy of America's out-of-doors: "You shall not strip our country of her native beauties and leave her naked and ashamed before the nations of the earth. You shall not rape our woodlands, lakes and streams to satisfy the lust of your private greed. You shall not nail to the cross of commercialism the bright spirit that lives in those places where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean."

This larger patriotism is giving to the national colors a larger symbolism.

RED—The clean blood, the bountiful health and virile strength that is insured to America's future manhood and womanhood through the preservation of America's out-of-doors.

WHITE—The cleanliness of thought, the purity of spirit that comes by association with nature and without which our nation can have no future.

BLUE—Skies that are clear, and wide, and deep, under which men may look up with unobstructed vision to God and feel their souls expand and their lives glorified.

PATRIOT—One who loves his country (all of it) and zealously guards (protects and conserves) its welfare (everything that contributes to its physical, mental and spiritual health, strength and happiness).

A Page from the Past

(Continued from page 142)

of the Izaak Walton League.

"'Do you suppose there are fish in the lake, Dad?'

"I don't know, son, we can only find out by trying. It was many, many years ago that I put those 300 in, but this part of the country has been very little developed and I hope that our lake has escaped the commercialism that has made private property of most of our lakes. If it has, and the lake is deep enough so that the trout have lived through the winters, we should have some rare sport, for I do not believe there are a dozen people living now who know that there are trout in the lake."

After a two hours' ride through undergrowth and brush, sometimes following old blazes through the timber, where every mark of a trail had disappeared, we came out into the little park above the lake. Not a breath of air stirred the surface. The peaks above, the snow in the gulches, the trees, even the Columbines on the grassy slopes, were mirrored in the placid reflection; but occasionally a small ring widened from a central point, as quietly as though a woodland fairy had touched the lovely lake with gentle kiss—the boy's eyes glistened—

"They're there!" he whispered.

Quickly the light rods were jointed, reels adjusted, new wet leaders taken from the boxes and a Royal Coachman, a Rio Grande King and a Professor, all on number eight hooks, were slipped through the loops. Two or three short casts, and the flies floated out over the water, and touched almost without a stir.

Slam! Bang!! Splash!!! A vision of red and gold, and three great trout were tearing for the deep water in the middle of the lake.

"'Son, you'll have to help me land these fish.'

"'I can't, Dad, I've got two myself.'"

A hasty glance showed a picture that will last while consciousness does. The background of silver tipped spruce, the green slope to the water's edge, the boy, his lithe young body braced to support the pliant wrist which, never rigid, still as steadily as though the muscles were of wire, held that rod so that the two fish, while never having sufficient resistance yield to the hooks out, must steadily yield to the tight line.

I finally landed all three of my fish and turned to help the lad, to find him kneeling on the grass beside his catch, one of them the largest trout we have taken this year, and when we came to dress him, we found—A FULL GROWN CHIPMUNK!

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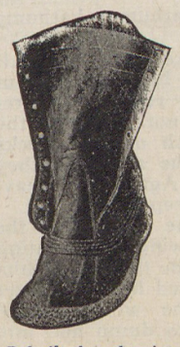

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Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The Bobwhite as a Valuable Ally

By ROBERT RIDGWAY

Noted ornithologist and author of "The Birds of North and Middle America"

THE bobwhite has long been considered an important foe of the chinch bug and the basis for this belief is statements that have been made by some of our most prominent entomologists. Dr. C. V. Riley, former Chief of the Federal Bureau of Entomology, described the quail as the most inveterate enemy of the chinch bug, and Professor S. A. Forbes, long State Entomologist of Illinois, says "I have found its crop crammed full of chinch bugs." The findings of the U. S. Biological Survey make these statements perfectly credible since in the stomachs examined by that organization, although they were collected in all parts of the range of the bird and at all seasons, in other words without regard to the presence or abundance of chinch bugs, these insects were found in one per cent of the total number. No fewer than 100 chinch bugs were removed from one of these stomachs, and the Biological Survey sees no reason to discredit reports that have been made of much larger numbers, for example 389 and 500 from single birds.

The bobwhite does not confine its pest-fighting to chinch bugs, for it is a special enemy of the potato beetle. The Biological Survey again has found this pest in one per cent of the stomachs examined. In the Eighth Annual Report of the State Ornithologist of Massachusetts [(1915) 1916, Pl. viii] is a photograph of the contents of a bobwhite's stomach containing 46 potato beetles. No fewer than 75 to a single bird have been reported and a number of observers state that bobwhites have kept their potato patches clear of these pests.

A list of the other insect pests found in the crops and gizzards of bobwhites examined by the Biological Survey while rather lengthy, can not be omitted

Robert Ridgway

in the present connection. It includes such lepidoptera as the army worm, that notorious devastator of grain fields, and the cutworms, zebra caterpillar and striped garden caterpillar, so injurious to vegetable crops in general. Among beetles are the boll weevil, the corn billbug, the cowpea pod weevil, the imbricated snout beetle, a pest of small fruits, the clover leaf and the clover-root weevils, May-beetles or June-bugs, the adults of white grubs, both adults and larvae of wireworms, the 12-spotted cucumber beetle also known as the corn-root-worm, the grape-root-worm, various flea beetles, the bean leaf-beetle, the seed-corn beetle, and the newly introduced and exceedingly destructive Japanese beetle. Other pests identified in the food of bobwhites are the sharpshooter of cotton, the tarnished plant bug, an abundant general feeder on plants, blowflies, ants including the corn-louse ant, leafhoppers, grasshoppers, and crickets.

Additional pests reported by reliable observers to be fed upon by the bobwhite are the Rocky Mountain locust, potato aphis, squash ladybird, spanworms, and the corn-ear worm or boll worm of cotton.

It is clear that the insect-destroying proclivities of the bobwhite tend in the right direction and that friends of the bird are thoroughly justified in asking that its record along this line be taken into consideration when policy as to its protection is the question. Furthermore, the bird has scarcely been accused of doing, much less proved, to do any damage to crops.

As a matter of my personal opinion, I would like to add a few comments on a statement that has recently been made (I have forgotten by whom) to the effect that it is necessary to thin out and scatter the quail to prevent interbreeding and consequent deterioration of the stock. As to this, I would like to say that it is decidedly the weakest of all arguments for the killing of quail that have thus far been advanced. Before the advent of the white man on this continent, quail were many times more numerous and just as vigorous as at the present time. Nature provides means for insuring and perpetuating the vigor of its wild creatures. In the case of quail coveys are frequently scattered by hawks and other (sometimes unknown) causes; furthermore, they are great wanderers, seldom remaining long together in a restricted area.

The Flight

(Continued from page 135)

the teeth of that wind. He was startled by a sudden thumping against the side of the cabin.

Thump — thump—kathump—kathump —

He was wide awake now, and half sat up in the bunk as he listened. But when the sound was repeated he realized that it was nothing but the thumping of the bunch of dead ducks against the side of the shack as they swayed in the wind. Again he endeavored to sink into a deep sleep.

But again came the ducks—by the millions, with their wings all beating in unison—and this time they lifted him off the earth and carried him high over the marsh; again the world turned over, and was about to dump him into the sky when he awoke.

THUMP — thump — kathump—swish —kathump—thump—

He had almost determined to get out of his bunk, dash out in the wind and take the dead ducks down so they could not thump any more, when he suddenly found himself on the back of a big duck, high in the air—swept heavenward by the wind, zooming upward, leaping toward the sky, turning over and over, like an airplane looping the loop. In the middle of one of these loops he lost his hold on the duck's neck and started to fall. As he flashed through the air he saw strata after strata of ducks, all of them with their necks outstretched into the wind, all with their wings beating in perfect time together. He landed squarely in his bunk.

It was cold in the cabin, but the hunter, as he sat up in his bunk, was perspiring.

The wind had gone down. It crooned through the tree tops in short, fitful gusts. The dead ducks no longer were thumping against the side of the cabin.

The hunter got up, slipped on his heavy coat and went outside. Dawn was coming. Overhead he heard the whistling wings. A lone mallard quacked far out in the marsh.

The hunter went back into the cabin, shivering, and slept.

When the two hunters got up the sun was shining. The wind had gone. They made a fire in the stove and fried some eggs and drank muddy coffee. Then they packed up their things and went outside, locking the door behind them.

The marsh was calm. The water lay motionless. Not a reed so much as swayed. Not a bird was in sight. The silence, coming after the uproar of the evening previous, was oppressive.

The marsh was a dead thing, lying motionless, lifeless, in the sunlight.

One of the hunters went over to the place where the bunch of ducks were hanging on the side of the cabin and lifted them down. They slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground, an inert mass.

The hunter lifted them again, and threw them over his shoulder. The two men turned their backs on the cabin and started through the woods.

But before they had taken a dozen steps they stopped, and turned around, for no apparent reason, and looked again at the marsh. High above it they saw a lone duck winging its way south-

Entries in Bird Lore Prize Photo Contest

"A Fishing Pelican"

By L. A. Sharp, Alma, Michigan

(Continuation of The Flight)

ward. As it flew, it turned its head from side to side. It quacked at intervals.

The quacks of the lone duck grew inaudible; its wings flashed intermittently in the sunlight, then it was lost to view.

Suddenly the hunters saw something moving on the surface of the water. It was a duck—a spoonbill. With a queer quacking noise and a rush of water it beat across the surface, its neck stretched toward the southern sky, its one good wing fanning air and water both as it tried to rise.

The hunters again turned away from the marsh, and disappeared in the woods.

The flight was over.

"Lunch time in the Riviera"

By Henry George of the Chicago Camera Club

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Beware of a Gameless Land

(Continued from page 144)

lows." It is a crime to maintain the present bag limits per day, and extend them throughout "the season." The lengths of the killing seasons are everywhere twice too long. No man should be allowed to hunt deer every year. Make it every alternate year! No man should be allowed to kill birds with a 5-shot or 6-shot gun. The game can not stand the automatic and the pump machines.

No man should be allowed to bring his automobile any nearer than within three miles of his hunting ground. "Free-hunting" dogs, and all wandering cats should be exterminated.

It is illogical, wasteful and therefore wrong for any American to maintain that because wild ducks and geese now seem to be "abundant" (in a very few places, where they specially congregate), it is therefore right to maintain a daily bag limit of 20 or 25, even for one week. No gentleman's family can possibly eat 20 or 25 ducks or 8 geese per day without bursting; and no man should be permitted to slaughter so much game per day that he must give away two-thirds or three-fourths of it to keep it from spoiling.

In thinking of the "increased" ducks and geese, remember the passenger pigeon, the quail, the great flocks of prairie chickens, the thousands of antelope and deer, and the millions of buffalo,—all seemingly "inexhaustible," but now all dead and gone!

How shall this reform be brought about? I will tell you.

For all local or "state" game reforms in game-killing, your state legislatures must act. Call upon your State Game Commissions to take the initiative, then tell your own legislature you want it to get busy. Your own legislature must limit the machine shot-guns to two shots, and stop all other abuses in your state.

For all migratory game, also ask the Secretary of Agriculture to so frame his annual "Regulations" as to reduce killing fifty per cent, all along the line. That is all you need to say to him!

Sportsmen, remember that it is not too late to save the sport of hunting from extermination,—provided you have the nerve to do it! Have you? "Yes?" Then please send me a postal card to tell me so. **I will value it.**

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My First Tuna

(Continued from page 139)

was now sulking nearly directly down beneath the boat. I was holding him steadily, resting myself at this apparent truce.

The sea was growing rather choppy and we all knew that the longer the fight continued now the harder it was going to be to bring in the fish as the rise and fall of the boat made steady retrieving of the line difficult and the violent pitches of the boat helped to drag out the line. "I believe that if you give it to him good and hard now," said O'Leary as he peered over the boat into the depths, "that we've got a chance to get him." I summoned my strength again and taking a good hold on the rod steadily heaved. Gradually he gave way. Every pump now was an effort on my part. Slowly the huge fish was suffering himself to be dragged from the deep. Each lift was telling on me. The sight of the place where the kite was tied to the line gave me a little encouragement. Half a dozen more heart breaking pumps and that place on the line went over the reel. Then the double line came in sight for the first time. I felt as though I was spending the last ounce of my strength and I had strange misgivings as to what would happen if the tuna showed further fight.

O'Leary stood silently by with the gaff watching intently. I put all of my remaining strength into three more heaves. The double line slid over the tip of the rod and down on the reel. O'Leary grasped the leader and lunged with the gaff. His body was jerked violently against the rail. The water behind the boat went white. I threw off the drag and stood ready in event the gaff should slip. Don scrambled to the boatman's assistance. The threshing in the water died away. I laid down the rod and with the others grasped the handle of the six-foot hickory gaff. We heaved and up and over and into the boat slid a huge, wild eyed, quivering fish. I dropped back into the chair without a word, exhausted, while O'Leary and Don stood there panting over the fish, with plain relief on their faces. Slowly the fish quieted down as the blood trickled from his mouth and pooled itself in little irregular patches on the floor. We had hooked him about nine and I had taken one hour and fifty minutes to bring him to the gaff, and he had carried us during the fight two miles out to sea.

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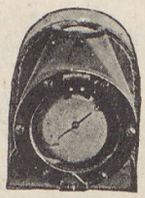

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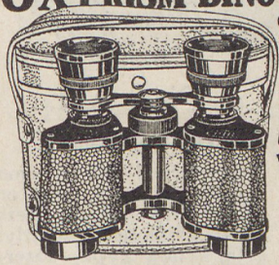

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Dam Fishing

(Continued from page 158)

"quitter." If he could plan so adroitly and battle so valiantly in a dubious cause, what might he not accomplish in a good cause.

"'But what good came of it at last'?
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory'."

The result presents the singularity of a minority of 157 Chapter members enforcing their preferences upon a majority of 3451, an anomalous condition in a representative form of government, under which we have elected to live.

Mystified by some aspects of the case and groping for light in obscurity, I addressed the following letter to the gentleman who had charge of the preparation of the new Fish Code in the House:

"I was surprised to see in the new Fish Code—H. B. 795—a provision permitting fishing with hook and line within 100 feet of a dam, repealing the law of 1919.

Illinois Chapters of the League by a vote of 17 to 1 declared against such fishing, and the measure was four times voted down by the Senate.

You will recall having written me at the time the Chapters were voting upon the question that I need give myself no concern regarding the outcome.

I understand that you had charge of H—B—795 and I should be glad to learn what cogent reasons were advanced by the supporters of the measure that were sufficient to cause your committee to disregard the recommendation of the Izaak Walton League, the opposition of the Senate, and your own expressed disapproval.

Thanking you for any information you may be pleased to give, I am,"

To this I have received no reply.

My friend, the Senator, could tell us there is an axiom of the common law to the effect that "there is no wrong for which the law does not provide a remedy."

There is a remedy for the wrong legalized by the codifiers, if friends of Conservation will apply the remedy.

When the Conference Committee killed the Senate amendment prohibiting fishing at the dam, the same Committee at the same time reported favorably upon another Senate amendment drawn by a member of Chicago Chapter, which is now a part of the new Code and reads as follows:

"The Department shall have power and authority to close the waters of any fish preserve, or parts thereof, against fishing of all kinds, when the same have been recently stocked with young fish by the State, and to reopen the same for fishing when the fish with which they have been stocked have matured."

Brother Waltonians and Conservationists: make it a duty to observe the effects of this dam fishing and if you become convinced as I am that it is a pernicious thing that does not give a game fish a fair chance for his life, and that it is opposed to the League's declared principles of conservation, YOU CAN STOP IT. The way is simple:

Apply to the chief of the fish and game division to restock your stream if not already restocked this year. This being done, petition him to close the parts of the stream within 100, or, if you like, 500 feet of every dam on the stream and then back him in doing his duty under the law.

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One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of coure, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly hooks, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interests in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure .....
Caught by (Signed) .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

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Fifty years ago he began a crusade to give the black bass its proper place among game fishes, by devising and experimenting with suitable rods and other tackle to make this possible. The result of this study and research is given in his new book, the dominant note of which, as in all of Dr. Henshall's writings, is that of genuine sportsmanship and true ethics, the use of light tackle and the single hook.

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The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for four dollars and fifty cents. *—Will H. Dilg*

Published by the Stewart-Kidd Co., Cincinnati

Dr. Pammel's Drainage Report

(Continued from page 178)

value from fish in experiments conducted at Fairport indicate about $7.00 per acre. The water fowl and other products are not taken into consideration. There would be an income of $17,000 from 1,000 acres of land, certainly a pretty good income and it is worth while to preserve these bodies of water.

"We should not lose sight of the fact that the aquatic life like fish is an important one, over $300,000 a year, and that this revenue from these lakes is worth while, to sav nothing of the enjoyment for those who like to fish.

"Then there is the question of breeding of wild fowl, ducks and geese. We are almost entirely dependent upon the fowl which are bred in Minnesota and Canada. I think perhaps a few acres should be preserved as game preserves, and we have a number of lakes admirably well suited for this purpose, one of which is Rice Lake in Winnebago and Worth counties. When I first knew it, the lake was a fine sheet of water, but an order from the Executive Council was made allowing it to be drained." The executive council had no choice in the matter as it was following mandates from the town legislature. This drainage has been a failure as a farm project. "This lake should be restored and made a game preserve. Can we not do this for the ducks and geese? Let us give them a chance somewhere in the great State of Iowa."

The State of Iowa has had rather an unfortunate experience in appropriating considerable sums of money to carry out drainage projects like Goose Lake in Greene county where when the Executive Council ordered the land sold the land would not sell for enough to cover the assessment and so the State had to appropriate some $60,000 for this purpose. Another case of this was the Emmet county case and a third rather interesting case was in Louisa and Muscatine counties, where the Executive Council some years ago ordered Muscatine Slough and Keokuk and Odessa Lakes drained. It is true considerable land was redeemed, yet a considerable body of land could not be sold for the drainage assessment, and the State had to appropriate something like $86,000 to cover the assessments. The matter of paying this assessment came to me through the sub-committee of the Senate who asked whether I favored paying this assessment. I told them that inasmuch as the legislature ordered it drained the State should now pay the assessment. This case is comparable to the drainage project in northeastern Iowa and western Wisconsin, a long slough, fine for fishing and boating and an abundance of food for fish such as is rarely found in the State. I have had dozens of sportsmen tell me that a serious mistake was made in ordering Keokuk and Odessa Lakes drained and I am convinced that it would be a calamity to drain any of the lakes in northeastern Iowa. The estimated cost per acre of draining these lakes is $80.00 and the rental return in many cases would be less than $3.00 per acre. An annual crop of muskrat and fish could far surpass that sum.

I have not taken into consideration the land adjacent to the streams for the purpose of preserving forests. In 25 years a substantial crop of trees could be produced which would return an annual rental of more than $4.00 per acre. We should also consider it from the standpoint of recreation, as 100,000 to 150,000 people make use of this region for recreational purposes.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Little People of the Wilderness

(Continued from page 169)

It was a deadly combination but it was good clean sport for it demanded brains, a quick eye and trigger and a knowledge of Quail habits that could be acquired only by long and patient practice and association with the birds at home. It was decoy work of the highest order and beat shooting ducks over wooden birds or following a dog with a scattergun.

If I decided from the first answering call received that the answer came from a cock in a covey of birds that had not been scattered, then I acted differently, for I immediately switched calls and instead of the get-together call I used the fighting call or challenge that every cock quail broadcasts about every so often to the waiting world.

This call means "Whoop-ee! I'm Bill Jones! I'm a he-wolf and it's my time to howl! If you don't believe it you come over in my yard here and I'll knock your block off!" or words to that effect if any cock quail outside the caller's own covey hears it.

Naturally I usually got pretty quick action when I used that fighting call, for the answering cock came all fussed up and rearing to go.

He didn't hesitate but came running and he was so intent on a scrap that he threw caution to the winds and came fast and "cussing" as he came!

All I had to do was to "cuss back" just enough to keep him all riled up and right quick he'd jump out into the road with his feathers all roached up and scrap written all over him. Right then I took him neatly through his muddled head with the little 22 bullet and five minutes afterward I was calling his brother from the same covey.

I've repeated this process unnumbered times because I was able to "talk Quail" and knew what I was talking about.

It is just as easy to kill crows the same way if you know their language and can mimic it perfectly—but be sure you do mimic it perfectly or you will get no results at all.

The same thing applies to every species and moreover some species act as lookouts for all and voice an alarm that all understand.

If you have ever still-hunted deer you will understand what I mean when you have had a Pine Squirrel or a Blue Jay discover you and begin to yell at the top of his voice for everybody to "beat it because danger is coming!"

Then presently you come to a place on the trail of the deer you are following that shows you he heard that alarm and he "beat it" without waiting to ask why.

All the wild things have a regular set of fixed habits that govern their daily lives and you can beat them at any game they play if you know them well enough because they react the same way to the same causes every time just as man does.

The only difference between men and the Little People is that man lives a complex life that requires a lot of ideas, acts and reactions while the average animal or bird has to do with food, safety, personal comfort, rest, water, sleep and a limited number of other things of vital interest to his daily life such as storms, shelter, etc.

As far as they go the wild things express and understand ideas as well as we do and can communicate with each other as well as we can in their own limited way and each tribe is as different from all others as a German differs from a Frenchman.

We notice that John Jones is different from Bill Smith because we live as they live, but when it comes to noticing the ways of a bird that we see only once in a while or an animal that we see less often we just don't get it and we decide that it's all mystery and beyond us.

When we learn to see and hear and remember then we will all know these same things about the Little Wild People that I have known ever since I was a boy and that I get a lot of satisfaction out of because when I walk the woodland trails I know from the gossip of twittering birds and the nature sounds I hear just what is going on on all sides of me and I know my facts just as well in the wilds as I do in the city where my ears translate each sound into a definite city meaning.

So there is nothing remarkable about ants and the way they live; the remarkable thing is that man considers himself of so much importance that the ants don't count when in reality their world is to them just as real, just as full of joy, grief, trouble and all the other things that make life worth while as ours is—they are relative and the only difference is in degree.

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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG ON A COSMOPOLITAN BOOK

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 156)

and go. If it is a shotgun, there will be ruffed grouse waiting for us high on the ridges, or that swampy vale tangled up with alders will be twittering with Canada woodcock just down from the north. In the deep and dark hemlock swamps the big varying hare, now blotched in brown and white; and over the hills a buck deer is feeding. And, before the morning is out, Molly Cottontail, a big one, will dart from his form in the frosty grass, and him you bowl over for the good of the mulligan pot.

Or, if the rifle is your weapon, a fresh deer trail, a visit to a backwater of dead trees early in the morning, will be your quest. That the mulligan pot may not go empty, you take along a stock of armory cartridges or a supplemental which will fit the bore of your rifle. In the Rockies and eastern Canada October should be classed with November here, for our first snows come early in October there and elk and moose and bear are to be tracked.

Let us swing the scene over to the vast duck bays of the Atlantic coast. Brown is the marsh, flat miles and miles of it. Dark green are the dunes, with their clumps of bayberry which defy the frost. Out in our little cruiser it is four o'clock in the morning and all dark outside, with the wink and stare of lighthouses shining in the vast emptiness.

Buddy wakes us with the familiar hail, "Up and at 'em, old-timer!" He has coffee on in the galley and is warming up the breasts of a couple of black ducks recently deceased. Bumping her nose against the cruiser outside is our duck boat, piled high with decoys. We down the breakfast, pass out the thermos bottles and ammunition, and start rowing for an invisible point somewhere out there over the black waves. The bay is still ruffled. A big nor'easter has torn up lots of food from the bottom and broken up the huge rafts of ducks so that they are trading restlessly.

A huge flock of them passes us in the dim light of early dawn. "Mark! A million—and one," breathes Buddy softly, pointing out the lone "one" separated from the rest of the flight. We row on more swiftly, anxious to get moored to our point and anchor the decoys out before official sunrise. Two anchors are cast ashore and we go out on the marsh seeking seaweed. Armfuls of it camouflage the duckboat so that she is one with the point, while up in the wooden rack around her cockpit Buddy has been artistically arranging a growth of rushes. Salt hay in the bottom and a tarp on it, so that we can lie hidden and dry. We wade out and moor the decoys in two flocks, the scaups, eighteen of them, the black ducks, twelve.

Back to the blind. The lighthouses cease blinking; official sunrise. It is lawful to shoot what the Red Gods send.

"Psst! Mark west!" whispers Buddy tensely. Low over the waters they come, fifteen black bullets, going like the wind. Buddy kebs! alluringly, while I stick a couple of spare shells through the rushes where they will come handy. They are passing us without notice! Buddy waves his black hat in an arc, once, overhead, to call their attention to an alleged duck jumping off the wa-

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

ter to alight a bit farther on. Good feeding here!

They are wheeling! In they come;—seconds, not minutes, count now! A gray flash of many upturned wings. "Now!" barks Buddy, and **Bang! Bang! Blooie-blooie!** go the guns. Three down. We have just time to reload and get one bewildered fellow running wild over the stools and abolish a cripple, when they are off. We wait awhile to see if it is a good time to wade out and pick up the slain. Great days, duck shooting! No better sport with the smoothbore.

By the same token there is no more exasperating sport than a day in marsh or uplands when the poor duffer of a human misses right and left. It is not fair to subject yourself to such mortification, and bitter is the thought that even with a good weapon in your hands, you, poor wight, have been bested at the great game, have overshot your deer, missed an elk as big as a cow, or, most unaccountably, failed to connect with feathered game! A man does not shoot a shotgun with any success without training. My own progress up the ladder of proficiency was most long and arduous, for I was raised a rifleman and never could get over the habit of aiming rather than pointing. Trapshooting helped, and I spent many dollars at it and counted them well gone. It at least taught me to swing and lead, to see my bird, not over the muzzles but to one side, before pulling trigger. But the unexpectedness of all wing shots, his moment of getting up, and his angle of flight through brush and trees, constituted a formidable obstacle which trap shooting did not help. Wherefore, when the time came to train my own son, I bought me a hand trap. This is the spring and throwing arm of the standard trap attached to a cast-iron frame with pistol grip. With it and a bag of blue rocks one could go afield and approximate the suddenness and tree-obstructed flight of a real bird. Of course I did not start in the kid with any such difficult shooting. I began with the trap set easy, standing just behind him and telling him just where the pigeon would go. One must creep before one walks; also all progress is sure and sound, step by step. He hit those low-flying straightaways, presently, and acquired confidence. Then right and left quartering shots. Then, from behind a shelter, the birds thrown across him. By the time he got good at them we went into the woods, and it was to do all over again. But my reward came when son began to outshoot his daddy, a position of superiority with the shotgun which he has ever since retained. The honor of head of the family rests with me solely by virtue of certain scores made with rifle and revolver.

To enjoy trapshooting nothing more is needed than the loan of a field, a standard trap, and some boards with which to make a backstop for the trap boy. Rough hemlock, lapped, nailed to four 2x4 posts will answer. A barrel of blue rocks and the trap. The latter is to be mounted on a board platform, which itself is staked fast to withstand the kick of the trap. Shooting positions at sixteen yards radius, spaced two yards apart, five firing points. It is undeniable that a course in trapshooting is of great help to the prospective field shot. The change of shooting position, combined with the alteration at each throw of the firing angle of the trap, gives a deal of practice in taking birds at all angles and learning to swing the gun with the flying clay.

In rifle practice for woods work, standard targets are of little use except for beginners learning to make a reasonable group. In the woods conditions are entirely different, for the game is often running fast, and, even if standing still, is so perfectly merged with his forest surroundings as to be difficult to see. It is a matter of sight definition, trigger release, and swinging ahead if your deer is running. Take him on the down-jump is the advice of most old hunters. In place of the blackened military front sight, something light is wanted, a metal or ivory bead, a silvered back to your steel leaf sight, a brass leaf set in a steel shoe, or, in my own case, the regular Rocky Mountain sight with a forty-five degree flat filed on its rear point and kept bright. In place of the V and U notched rear sights a plain flat bar is preferable, its center marked by a silver line or a mother of pearl triangle set in the steel. These things all make for definition in woods shooting. They will bring out a dim deer in the tree trunks which the eye can hardly see. The flat bar enables the rifleman to instantly adjust his range by cutting off more or less of his front sight. Knowing his zero through practice at marks at a hundred yards, he can cut the sight for fifty, seventy, a hundred and twenty, so as not to overshoot—the classic mistake of all beginners. For open work in the mountains or in moose calling, three bars of one, two, and three hundred yards, all folding so that any one of them can be set up at the press of the thumb, are exceedingly handy. I have not had much favorable experience with peep sights. If the light in the woods happens to be right, one sees through them without difficulty and then the whole deer and the front sight and part of the barrel are visible, so that the movement of the front sight alone needs watching. Prevents misses from canted barrel, and makes for easy shooting; but generally the light is poor when actual shooting takes place and the head of heads is getting away.

Much of rifle shooting in the woods is snap-shooting. One swings the rifle like a shotgun, both sights held dead true the while; swings perhaps a yard ahead, and fires. By the time the bullet reaches him he will have jumped right into it. Otherwise a miss or a haunch shot,—which means a long and anxious chase and a suffering animal. For practice in swinging ahead we found that the ordinary air rifle on a reduced deer target approximated the real thing at a hundred yards running in the woods. We hung our cardboard deer at the end of a long pendulum, eighteen feet of wood batten, nailed at the upper end to a branch stub end. An old file gave this rig weight. The target man released the deer from behind a bush and he crossed the line of fire at about eighteen feet a second. Another scheme was a full sized black boar mounted on a long two-by-four timber, swinging on a bolt in a rifle pit. This creature jumped out of a bush at a hundred yards and swung over to disappear behind another bush. He was harder to hit than the deer which we sent running across a glade on a wire. One very simple scheme for practicing rifle shooting on the run is to get an empty sugar barrel and set it rolling down some grassy slope. These things all take time and effort, but they give greater confidence and greater actual rifle-shooting ability when the real chance comes.

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By WARREN H. MILLER
Former Editor of Field and Stream

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How to make tents, pack-sacks, cook-kits, tent stoves, decoys, reloading, rifle and rod fittings, leather working. Silk Cloth binding, $1.75.

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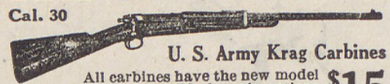

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On the Wing

(Continued from page 151)

he would watch down with a strong field glass, and nearly always they got them up the second time, he reported.

After lunch and a much needed rest, we decided to return to the ranch, as the heat was becoming intense and it was too much grief for both man and dog and car to attempt further hunting. When we started out in the cool of the September morning it was necessary to don all the extra clothing we had, while at mid-day we had shed everything but our trousers and B. V. Ds.

On the morning of the third day, we started for town, hunting each likely looking field on the way. That is to say, it was our intention to hunt in each field that looked good, but as we got a few miles away from the Hills of Altamont, we observed that about every other field was posted, "No hunting allowed." One sign read, "No hunting aloud," so we worked this field and "kept very still!"

So much for the hunting of that great American game bird, the prairie chicken, today. It is making its last stand. Like the buffalo, its day is doomed. Legislation by way of short season and small daily limit, cannot, I fear, save it. The one term which is best adapted to explain its extermination is summed up in the word, "environment." Civilization is crowding it out. The natural breeding places are being confiscated by the tilling of the soil. The only possible way to save this bird for future generations even to see, much less to hunt, will be to set aside several townships in some Indian Reservation, where they will not be disturbed by civilization, or any of their natural enemies, making it a perpetual game preserve.

Early history of the pinnated grouse, locates this bird in Kentucky and Ohio, probably as far back as 1810. To the first settlers in the wilds of the western states these birds were unknown. Along about 1830 they were found in Illinois in small numbers. In the years that followed they moved westward until in 1880 they were very plentiful in those plain states west of the Mississippi river west to Colorado, and from Texas to Manitoba.

Thirty or forty years ago, when the prairie states were first opened to the homesteader, when the pioneers who blazed the trail were trying to raise enough grain to supply the family with the daily necessities of life, before the introduction of the barbed wire fence, before the advent of the automobile and rapid fire shot guns, these were the days of the prairie chicken. Nearly every stubble field, early in the fall, held from one to three coveys. To supply the daily larder, all one had to do was to approach the nearest stubble field, walk up and down a few times, kick them out from under feet, and shoot all one desired. A hunting dog was not needed, and was only recognized by a few of the high class city sportsmen. But soon the chicken dog came into its own, and laws were made covering the taking of this game bird, and hunting the prairie chicken became great sport, especially to the lover of the setter and pointer. To hunt this bird without the trained or to be trained bird dog, is no sport at all to the initiated. Watching a well trained dog perform in a field where he has a strong scent of birds, anticipating each moment to see him come to a stand, mindful of the fact that the dog is using every ounce of his brain and body, muscle and nerve, to act and work correctly, now and then turning a watchful and hopeful eye toward his master for his approval, and finally straighten out on a point, tail straight, head erect, one front paw slightly lifted, not a muscle moving; this is the thrill that the follower of the dog gets in the field. This feature of the day's sport is worth more than the kill.

This was the sport of thirty years ago. Bag limits were unheard of. The season opened as early as July fifteenth. The old nag and buggy were the method of transportation. The good old double barrel shotgun was the weapon, and also these were the days of black powder. The birds would hold, and nearly always get up in ones and twos at a time. Often when the dog came to a point, he might be a quarter of a mile away. But there was no hurry on the part of the hunter. The dog would hold, and the birds would hold. Then when the hunter approached the dog from behind, very often he would have to be pushed on in order to get the birds to raise, and then they seemingly would get up right under your very feet, in countless numbers.

The prairie chicken is not a migratory bird, and hence does not come under Federal regulation. This is also true of its cousin, the sharp-tailed grouse which is found mostly along the Missouri river.

Each state has its own laws governing the taking of these birds and most states forbid shooting them from cars which undoubtedly should be the case in every state. Minnesota has a closed season every other year. North Dakota prohibits the hunting of this bird with dogs, and in all of the states where they are found, a daily bag limit of five birds is allowed, and very short open season. While this legislation will help to some extent to preserve this great game bird, as stated in this article previously, the only legislation that can save them from sure extermination is the game preserve, where they can have the much needed environment.

One of the striking characteristics of this bird is the peculiar dancing and drumming during the mating season. Early in the spring, the cocks assemble on a hill just about daybreak and the dance begins. It is their method of love making. The cock inflates the large orange colored air sack on its neck, and when the air is released, the booming sound is made, the love song on each side of the rooster's neck are tufts of feathers which cover the air sacks. Other males take up the song, and soon the dance and booming or drumming is on in full swing. The hens gather around and many a stiff combat takes place among the roosters to see who shall carry away the brides.

The ring necked pheasant and the Hungarian partridge have been introduced into many of the western states to take the place of the native chicken, and while in this state the pheasant seems to be propagating rapidly, they can never take the place of the prairie chicken, and as a sporting bird, for dog and gun, there is no comparison. That they are a great table delicacy is frankly admitted.

Once some writer asked for suggestions as to what species of wild fowl, wild duck, fish, big game animal, etc., should be taken aboard Noah's Ark today, should a similar condition confront the world as did that at the time of Noah. To represent the game bird family, we nominate Mr. and Mrs. Prairie Chicken. This wonder bird will fulfill the requirements of the most ardent game bird lover and sportsman. As a game bird it is in a class by itself. As to an example of the survival of the fittest, given environment, it qualifies without a doubt, because a prairie chicken can stand anything in the weather line from the scorching temperature of a July sun, to the raging tempest of a January blizzard. As for meat to supply the daily larder, nothing in the game bird line is more tempting to the palate than fried young prairie chicken. It is the typical game bird of the west. No bird has provided more wholesome sport for the lover of the dog and gun, and it can be truthfully said that no bird ranks higher in the estimation of those sportsmen who are acquainted with it.

A Kick from a Reader

DEAR Izaak Walton League:

I am an old soldier seventy-five years old and have always been a lover of the outdoors.

The slaughter of the ducks down here along the Illinois has been terrific. Individuals and clubs have found it profitable to make feed pens and then rent them out at ten dollars a day quartering the limit, but the trouble is that they do not stop at the limit. One person here boasts that he got forty-three one morning.

Bass fishing has never been so good as it has during the last season. This has been in the various drainage ditches around Thompson Flag where the water is clear and the bass have gathered to get away from the sewage pollution of the Illinois River. There being no limit, the privilege is being abused, one individual boasting of having caught three hundred and fifteen bass in three mornings behind one big log across the ditch. None were returned to the water. Hundreds of thousands of pounds, many big bass are being seined and put in fish pens from Thompsons Lake by parties who have purchased the privilege from the owners who are draining the lake.

How long can the fish exist against this slaughter?

Yours truly,

W. S. STRODE, M. D.

Lewistown, Ill.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Modern Bullets vs. Big Game

(Continued from page 154)

With this range of choice in factory loaded ammunition of proven efficiency, there is no excuse for the use of experimental loads on deer, moose, bear, etc. If Alaskan Brown Bear is the quarry, then the Whelen .400 or .35, or Newton .35 are available. Both the Newton and Whelen .35 cartridges may be had with the Western bullets of the open point Lubaloy type, weighing 250 grains. No "Brownie" can stand up against either of these.

Game Conditions in Cassiar District of British Columbia

By J. FRANK CALLBREATH

TO get an intelligent idea of the game conditions here one must go back and review the situation for the past thirty years.

In 1893 the only income the Indians had was from their fur catch, and they lived almost entirely on meat straight during the fall and winter months when catching this fur, as well as feeding their dogs on meat. As near as we can learn each family would consume an average of from fifty to sixty caribou, and the consumption of sheep by those trapping in the sheep mountains would be even greater. At that time there were no moose in the district at all; they began coming in from the Liard country about 1894. In 1898 they were fairly plentiful and have become more so every year and now fairly overrun the country.

The moose is the sole meat supply of the Indians and settlers, and has been for a number of years.

In 1895 Andrew J. Stone arrived here big game hunting and collecting and obtained specimens of the Ovis Stonei or Black Sheep that season, and in the fall of 1896, near Dease Lake, the Osborne Caribou, two species of the most sought-after game on the North American continent.

In a few years sportsmen commenced fall hunting, and gave employment to most of the Indians at large wages, and they ceased to live their Indian mode of life. While they still engage in trapping they seldom take their families into the mountains to live on meat straight as before.

At present they kill very few caribou and hardly any sheep at all. The amount of game killed each year by all the big game hunters is not as much as that killed by one family thirty years ago living the Indian mode of life.

The teachings and advice of the sportsmen have been of great benefit to the Indians; they were quick to see that the big game was their best asset, and have taken very kindly to game conservation.

Caribou are largely on the increase; this winter they were reported to be in places within twenty-five miles of here, where none was ever known to be before.

Of the sheep we know but little; what few are taken by the big game hunters are found in large numbers without having to penetrate far into the sheep mountains. As they are not disturbed the balance of the season they must be on the increase.

Goat are too common and plentiful to mention.

Bear: The grizzly never was hunted much by the Indians; the fur is heavy and hard to pack and of but little commercial value except as a trophy, and the meat is not considered good. The average Indian is just a little afraid of the grizzly, and is quite willing to pass him up.

The black bear has a better fur value, and the meat is very good, especially in the spring, but it is not now necessary for the Indians to stay out and depend on fur as there is much more employment for them as packers and boatmen, as it is necessary to clean up the season's transportation so as to have all horses available by the middle of August for the big game hunters.

There is no question but that all game is largely increasing in the Cassiar, and that this result, except the migration of the moose into the district, was brought about by the big game hunters giving employment to the Indians.

Model '99—Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get in to jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250-3000; .30-30; .300; .303.

From woodchuck to bear—a Savage for every kind of game.

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.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and deer at extreme ranges.

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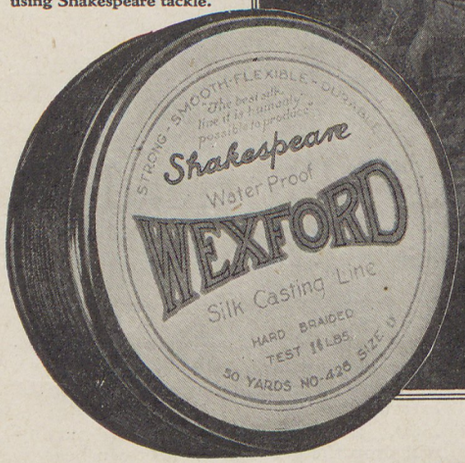

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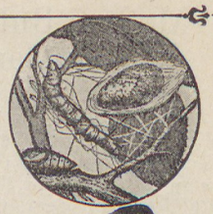

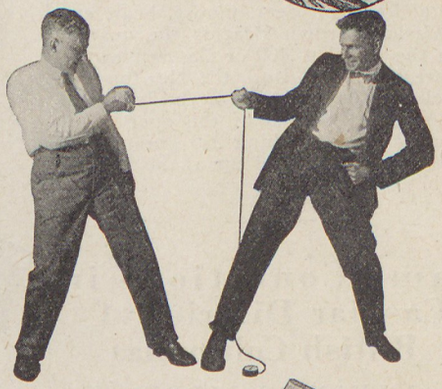

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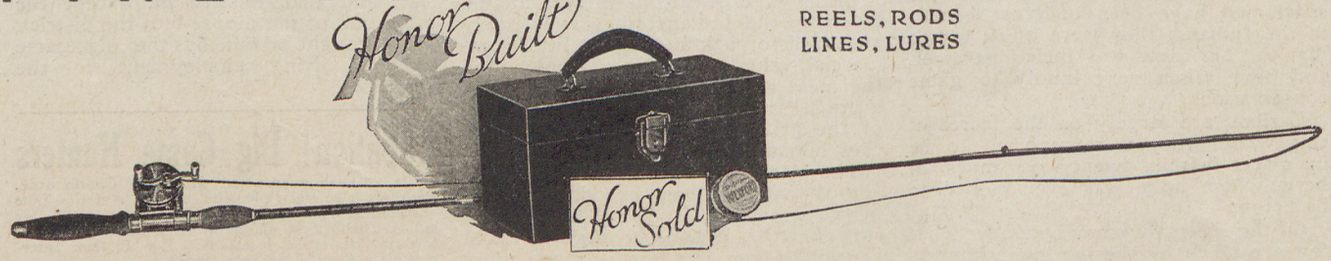
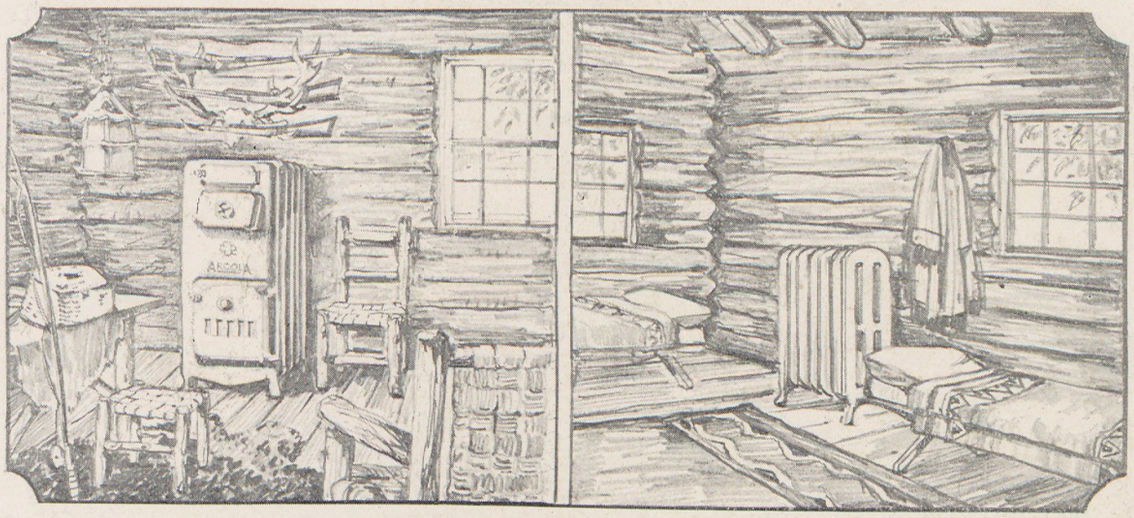


For Your Fishing Camp



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